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TWO ON A TOUR
IN SOUTH AMERICA



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"See Rio Harbor and die!"

TWO ON A TOUR IN SOUTH AMERICA

BY
ANNA WENTWORTH SEARS



ILLUSTRATED WITH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

TWO ON A TOUR IN SOUTH AMERICA

CHAPTER I

WE MAKE READY

IT looks like South America this time—and in a hurry. What do you say about being ready to start in six weeks?”

Orange-Blossom made this announcement just before Christmas—of all times. I gulped hard, sat up straight, and gasped, “South America! But why? Who under the sun buys books there?” A kaleidoscopic array of monkeys, butterflies, orchids, yellow fever, revolutions and coffee chased madly through my brain—about my only associations with the other half of our continent.

“That’s what I am going to find out.” The publisher spoke. His voice was dreamy, his eyes looked the way they always did when he gazed into realms of potential business enterprises, and I knew that my fate was to go to the monkeys.

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“The bother of it is,” he went on—I silently endeavored to swallow the outlook—“that we must do the whole blessed place so quickly—east and west, north and south—all in about three months. It’s quite a proposition—for you.”

There was a note in his voice that hinted doubt that I might desert him. Where is the woman who does not respond to the call when superior masculinity pleads—if she happens to care for the masculine? I shook myself, tried to look happy and rise to the occasion. After all, there is a good deal to be said for a husband who, when business takes him in out-of-the-way, interesting places, likes to take his wife with him.

“Oh, I can stand anything,” I laughed. “I’ve stood pretty much anything already in the way of traveling, you know. Tell me what to expect—have you any idea?”

“Not much.” He sounded dubious. “No one seems to know. Most of our time will be spent on coast steamers, and some of them are pretty rotten. The food is sure to be queer, and there may be dirt—and other things!”

“Oh, well!” But I stopped questioning; it seemed wise to try another tack. “I will get a

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Baedeker to-morrow and telephone Milly Adams. Hasn't she a cousin or something down there?"

"Yes, in Buenos Aires. When we get there we'll be all right anyway. It's the west coast, that's the rub, and there isn't a Baedeker or any other kind of a guide-book for it anywhere that I can discover."

"Doesn't anyone ever go to the west coast?" I tried to make my question merely intelligently curious.

"Once in a while someone does. I've met one or two that have been—men—and what they said wasn't particularly reassuring, but they all agreed—so does everybody—that it's great business to go."

The sum total of most of our reasons for existing is "business." To rebel from anything that "business" exacts is so obviously useless that I never rebel. I didn't then. I had a brilliant idea.

"Perhaps Dr. Williams could help us out."

"That's right!" Orange-Blossom's face grew bright. "We'll get him to advise us what to take and how to dress, and the things to eat, and we'll make him fit us out with a medicine chest." Don't let me give the impression that Orange-Blossom

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is a crank. He really isn't, but he hates to go anywhere unprepared, and to South America we went prepared.

Dr. Williams took our going seriously. When it was really decided when we were to start he was summoned. His beginning was, "Of course you must be vaccinated." We hadn't thought of that, but we said "Of course," and later we were glad. In Central America it was a comfort to feel that our certificates of inoculation were safely tucked in our pockets, ready to be produced if asked for by health-inspectors and quarantine officers. The small-pox scare is very alive down there.

Dr. Williams advised further, and when he had finished with us this was the result: 50 yards of mosquito netting; 10 cases of Poland water, each holding six half-gallon bottles; 1 dozen quarts of malted milk; 1 dozen tins of Educator biscuits; 1 case of plain and puffed rice, farina and hominy; 3 tins of George Washington coffee; 1 dozen tin boxes of bouillon capsules; 3 pounds of English breakfast tea; chocolate, prunes, evaporated milk, sweet oil; antiseptic bandages in different sized rolls, condensed absorbent cotton; gauzes, sticking-plaster, mustard-plasters, disinfecting

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tablets; formaldehyde candles, an alcohol lamp, traveling tea-kettle, and saucepan; thermos bottles and lunch-basket; and, by no means least, a smart little medicine-chest that Orange-Blossom gave as a Christmas offering for the trip—a duck of a pocket apothecary shop with every kind of drug in liquid form or capsule or powder that the doctor advised, and tiny trays that held medicine droppers, clinical thermometer, spoon, and all other necessities, with lists of everything—when and where and how to take it.

Oh, it all sounds very silly and unnecessary, but we have no regrets at all about what we took—we never had. I know that to the South America of to-day, or at any rate to-morrow, travelers are going in great floating hotels that have every imaginable comfort and a menu for meals like Sherry's or the Ritz. And, I suppose, all the coast towns will soon boast a Plaza or a Waldorf, with a bath for every suite, and that vestibule trains will tear up and down between them and across the continent—it's a great pity that all this will probably come true soon. I am sorry for the travelers that have to go that way; to them our

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preparations will look like a foolish joke. How little they will know!

Orange-Blossom did once make an objection. "Take all that Poland! Why, man, it will have to be loaded on donkeys' backs and dumped into row-boats, and dear knows what!"

But Dr. Williams was determined. "Oh, if you want to risk your lives—but you make a mistake not to take it." And he went on to urge, "Don't try changing your drinking water. I know they tell you that you can get Apollinaris anywhere, and they may think so, but I saw a traveler the other day, just back, who gave me a few pointers. At Guayaquil—the worst fever port of the world, as you know—he caught the natives putting unfiltered water into bottles labeled for some kind of still product and selling it for that."

We took the Poland.

Our attire was another question. Dr. Williams stood out on that, too. Such tales as he told us about the way that laundry work was done in a land that knew no rain, where sewers emptied into the few streams and water was sold at five cents a gallon were likely to make us take his advice:

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“Wash your own clothes, go dirty, throw them away, but don't give them out to be laundered no matter how much you pay, till you get somewhere where the rain falls once in a while. The skin-diseases, and others, you can't risk.”

And this in view of the long period that we were to be in the great heat and where fine linen and clean seemed almost the one requisite of a happy existence! What a problem! But I solved it, or rather Clemance did. Clemance is a maid who has ideas.

She knew how wretched I should be with those horrid January-sales, coarse things even if I could throw them away after one use, without too many twinges of economical conscience. They would spoil the whole trip for me!

“And Madam has so little worn-out *lingerie*,” Clemance sympathized, “for I mend everything to the last thread and then use all that is possible *en broderie* for the new garments that I devise.” Does a French woman ever fail to turn any situation to her own account?

I tactfully praised her ability to fit old motives into new nainsook, and continued to bemoan the fact that some inventor hadn't devised paper

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underwear that could be packed, condensed, and, when worn, thrown to the flames, while Clemance, her head gracefully poised on one side, reflected. At last her countenance became illumined; an idea sprang to birth. She had thought of a model "*vraiment très chic et comme il faut*"—no lace, no embroidery, no buttons or fasteners—only a drawing-string, and for this a bit of ribbon could be substituted with a *chou—rose ou bleu pour garniture*. These she would take no time at all to make, and they could be laundered in a thimble and ironing was unnecessary with the material in view—with those wonderful *choux*, too, they would really be "*pas mal.*"

Her clever fingers did it all, and the cost of everything—there were eight of each kind—was about five dollars, including *choux rose et bleus*.

For Orange-Blossom it was easy. He could get them by the dozen for so little, and he needed so few.

The matter of underwear settled, there were still the outer-garments. If I could quote what our thermometer registered from the start to the finish of the trip it would show that some foresight was necessary about that.

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I know there are tourists who say, "To be happy, travel with only two or three Jaeger underthings: a black coat and skirt—or dark blue—a few shirt-waists and one hat." Let them travel so; they are welcome to their happiness. It wouldn't be mine. We started for South America with twenty-seven different packages ranging from an Innovation steamer trunk—our largest—to Orange-Blossom's hat-box. "A high hat was necessary for approaching the dignitaries," he said. They had to be approached and conciliated for "business." All of these twenty-seven could be easily handled, lowered by a rope into a row-boat from a deck fifty feet above, put on a donkey's back or into a native's load. We wisely realized that it was much better to take a number of parcels than to add to the bulk of any. We did, of course, the regular trick of painting everything with broad red and white stripes to make the luggage visible a mile off, and we took everything that we needed to wear and to make us comfortable all the way along. We never regretted it either.

Orange-Blossom's outfit contained the inevitable blue serge suits—one thick, one thin—a

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dress suit, an overcoat and a rain-coat; a pongee suit, and two others—one dark and one light—of flannel, thin and cool, and silk and white and flannel shirts, with canvas and tan shoes and one black pair.

My wardrobe was hardly more complicated. It consisted of a medium-weight tweed suit; a dark blue pongee coat and skirt; a white serge and a black-and-white checked gingham ditto; one modest evening dress; an ulster; a wrapper, and a rain-coat. Hats were doubtful propositions, but I managed to take two which did not break or bend, and would do for shade at sea and looks on land. White canvas ties were a necessity, with tan and black ones, and a hood to put over unarranged hair in going back and forth on deck to and from a tub. We found most useful dark eye-glasses, cold cream, and face lotions for sunburn, paper handkerchiefs, and old linen. A fine binocular, a camera with an extra good lens were among the luxuries and an entertaining small conceit that Orange-Blossom had built "express." This was a wooden case containing a thermometer, a compass, an aneroid barometer, and chronometer watch, all the best of their kinds

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and makes. The case was lined with plush as a protection against dampness. There were little beds in it for the instruments to lie in comfortably, and the cover, fastened with hinges, had openings to show the faces. The whole compact arrangement was twelve by seven inches, with a ring at the end so that it could be hung on a hook or a saddle. At sea we made reckonings, had the temperature, and knew by the barometer when to expect fair weather and foul. On land we could get our altitude, and the chronometer was always useful.

Thus equipped were we ready to start? Oh, no. There was another thing we took—Martina—and this is the way she happened to go.

Orange-Blossom grew somewhat silent, in spots, as the date of sailing neared. I saw him going over figures and looking up rates after I thought that everything had been settled, so I wasn't altogether surprised when he spoke:

“What would you think about taking someone with us to clean up and disinfect and look after the luggage—and you?”

“But the expense!” As usual money to be considered. It's not the publishers, but the

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grasping authors, who don't have to think about it.

“If we were taken ill from something that might have been avoided by taking her along, we would be sorry we hadn't spent the money. We might look at it that way.” Orange-Blossom evidently had been scared. I reflected on ways and means. There was that bathroom and the addition that we were planning to put on our small Long Island farmhouse home. If we gave it up the money could go to take someone with us. The cherished plan—blue tiles—and the vision of Orange-Blossom laid low in a jungle balanced in my heart. Suppose I gave the preference to the bathroom—he read weakening in my face—he was bold to go on:

“I had thought, perhaps, Aristotle!”

“Aristotle, indeed!” I sniffed with reason; the bathroom still had a chance. Aristotle was the person who took care of our horses—the authors have the motor-cars, too. “How much good would he be to scrub and wash our clothes and button me up the back?”

Orange-Blossom looked crestfallen; he apologized. “I only thought about the climate—how

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well he would stand it—and the blacks, they say, never get yellow fever, and he might, in an emergency, act as a kind of a buffer between us and the natives. Aren't they all black? But, if you like, how about Clemance? She's a bully sailor; she didn't have a qualm when we brought her over."

"Because she couldn't take time. She was too busy flirting with every male thing on board that she could lay her eyes on." Decidedly the bathroom was gaining ground. "Clemance—you are crazy! Why, she'd eat the native fruit of every place and die of it, if she didn't elope with an Inca or a Brazilian Portuguese!"

Orange-Blossom puffed on, subdued by my eloquence, and just having enough courage to presently venture, "And Mary."

Then I did see the bathroom built. Mary, our blessed, long-suffering Mary—chambermaid, fair and forty, with a hundred and seventy pounds of good-natured Irish plumpness; Mary astride of a mule going over the Andean peaks. I roared, and I think Orange-Blossom believed that the trip had gone to my head. He looked at me furtively, and once more in my heart I beheld him stretched in the wild somewhere, all because I jeered now.

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I felt horribly wicked and repentant, and at that psychological instant to both our lips sprang the word, "Martina!"

Martina is the cook! Swedish, clean, wholesome, and capable. For many years we had lived with Martina in peace and well-being. She was the pivot about which we all revolved, and she had never given us any anxiety except the fear of having her find us inadequate. We looked at each other. The outlines of my tiles silently folded themselves away. The die was cast.

Martina consented to go—not too eagerly, nor without any undue signs of emotion. She questioned us about the requisites of wardrobe and about our demands while she considered. But Martina knew that we were tissue paper in her hands whether we were in North America or South, on the Equator or at the Poles, so she said yes, and we were ready to start.

CHAPTER II

WE START

OUR P.P.C. cards were a great success. I spent hours ransacking book-shops in vain search for the little maps which were the basis of the idea, but I secured them at last at the Royal Mail Steamship agency on an advertisement of one of their tours.

The maps showed exactly our itinerary on a miniature scale. Starting from New York, going first to Jamaica, a stop of a day or two, then to the Isthmus of Panama, and a stay there of a couple of days. From the port at Bilbao to South America along the west coast, with the towns at which we would touch until Callao. From Callao up to Lima in the hills, where we would rest for a while and "do business." Back to Callao, and on sea again to Valparaiso, taking in more coast towns on the way down. At Valparaiso we would leave ships and the sea and go inland to Santiago, where there was also "business." Then over the

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Cordilleras and across the continent to Buenos Aires and the east coast. At Buenos Aires there would be much to do; when it was done we would board a Royal Mail steamer on which we hoped to find all things comfortable and regular and stay on her for three weeks, going up the coast as far as Pernambuco, stopping at Santos, Rio de Janeiro, and Bahia. After Pernambuco there would be solid ocean for eight days until we reached Madeira. A short stop there, then to Lisbon, where we would leave the ship and be in familiar places. I was glad that there was obligatory "work" in Spain and Portugal, which would give us an excuse for a happy hour or two with the Velasquez in the Prado at Madrid.

The finale of our trip did not require explanation, but the mention of even the names of South American towns brought such a vague, questioning look to the faces of our friends that we felt our farewell souvenirs were quite necessary if we hoped to keep them at all in spirit with us during our wanderings.

The cards showed the little maps pasted on one side with the names of the places at which we would stop or touch and the dates we planned to

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arrive and depart. On the other side of the card we wrote our farewell messages and sent these to all who were especially interested. It is sad to realize what a provincial people we Americans are—we of New York above all! It was brought home to us before our start, when Orange-Blossom and I, primed with our newly acquired knowledge and very superior over it, would compare notes about the remarks and questions of those we had met in regard to our trip.

I was instructed, throughout a dinner, in regard to a canal which was to connect La Paz, away up in the mountains of Ecuador, with Buenos Aires, thousands of miles off on the coast. I ventured a doubt, only to be snubbed because “he had read all about it in a recent article in one of the magazines.” And it was Freddie Shaw of lately acquired honor at Harvard—perhaps for an exhibition on some team instead of an exhibition of mentality—who airily assured me that I would enjoy immensely riding a pampas in the Argentine. “It’s such a gentle animal, and one of the means of transportation there.” I did venture to hint that he might mean a llama. I had not heard of anyone riding one, but up to

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that date my reading was limited. I was questioning whether pampas wasn't some kind of grass, but a star from Harvard ought to know, and, apparently, he did. "Oh, no! it's the pampas that they ride in the Argentine, mules in Chili and llamas in Peru, and that's about the only way that you can get about inland." He didn't mean it for a joke either, and his erudition was no more at fault than that of the pretty *débutante* who besought Orange-Blossom to bring her back a condor from Brazil for her collection. "It's a kind of butterfly," she explained, "that can only be found in South America."

That was the funny side. The serious side was that we found it almost impossible to get any reliable information about the steamers we had to take, the dates of sailing, the accommodations, or conditions generally. We wasted good money in cables which were never answered. The agents gave us questionable help. They shrugged their shoulders, acknowledged how little they or anyone knew, and looked at us pityingly for being so foolish as to undertake the trip. Books were worse. They were manifestly highly colored fairy stories, written to show the author a hero

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of many perils. He knew that no one was well enough informed to contradict him, so he gave his imagination free rein. We met one or two people who had been there, but they all happened to be men and didn't count, and their advice and suggestions differed and weren't helpful to me. Where Baedeker doesn't consider a guide-book worth while, few women venture.

We heard from everyone that our P.P.C. cards were received with pleasure and appreciation, but we doubted if the enthusiasm about our trip went very deep, for when does a New Yorker's desire of adventure contemplate much beyond the well-trodden roads with London and Paris somewhere on the line?

The acknowledgments, whether written or verbal, were pretty much in one vein. I was applauded for my braveness in venturing, Orange-Blossom was considered rather a brute to take me, and we both were showered with sympathy and condolences from our near and dear. Tears even were shed. I suppose they pictured us as likely to spend the remainder of our days braving revolutions or sitting astride of crocodiles drinking coffee. Some of the true travel-lovers

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said they were envious and wished that they were going, too, but their envy sounded lukewarm.

Nevertheless, toward our destiny, whatever it might be, we went gaily on a Saturday late in January on a *Prinz* steamer right in the face of a north-east gale of snow and hail and wind.

I hadn't anticipated overmuch pleasure at the beginning of our trip "on a little boat liable to jump about a good deal with a lot of people crowded together," but I never believed anything so horrid could happen at the start as that storm.

Orange-Blossom comes of a race of Cape Cod seamen. He has in his blood the true joy of the sea. He grows gayer and happier with each pitch and roll, and I always hate him intensely the first days out if we go to sea in bad weather. He blooms so. The kinks in his hair tighten—for that alone I hate him in envy—and the blue in his eye deepens, and every bit of him seems young and joyous, and so "Orange-Blossomy" that I knew the college nickname must have been first given him on the ocean—and there am I only a wretched "rag and a hank of hair." Of course Martina collapsed at once. Just after she had waved adieu to her friends, who had gath-

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ered to take a weeping farewell of her, with her eyes red and her general appearance drippy, she sobbed, "I dink I'll lie down, if Madame permits, I'm so on'appy."

I couldn't console her. I tried to sympathize, but my efforts ended in a groan. The storm was at its worst.

The next morning things were not much better, but the green brocade of our cabin de luxe—we felt justified in taking it to start, in view of what we would probably have to take later—combined with the music of the band, which played directly outside of my window, was more than I could endure. I wanted to get somewhere out of sight and sound, and I was facing the prospect of boots to button and hooks to hook when the stewardess of the second cabin appeared at my door. "She looks like the leader of the chorus," whispered Orange-Blossom, as he ushered her in, and so she did in her short skirt, brilliant-hued blouse open at the neck with a most ornate lace collar, and bows everywhere—at her neck, belt, and end of the plait which hung down her back. She was different from the usual blue-checked attendants, but I suppose they dress them that way for the

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second cabin of German coast steamers to give the passengers some cheer. They needed it that morning.

“If madam doesn’t require the services of Miss Hanson,” she announced, “Miss Hanson would like to lie in bed a leetle longer.”

Never on the entire trip did I expect to be in such dire need of the services of Miss Hanson as at that particular moment, but I was a fellow-sufferer and humane. “Is she very bad?” I questioned. Disapproval shone on the face of the *mädchen*. Evidently it was not good form to be pessimistic in the second cabin. “*Ach nein*, none of my ladies is very bad this *schön morgen*; but she has that tired feeling and she is much better mit her bed.”

So I put myself into my garments with long pauses between buttons and occasional help from Orange-Blossom, who was bursting with the joy of life. The band madly discoursed rag-time outside, and the waves roared as they broke over the bow.

On deck it looked to me much the same as on any ship, but my husband kept calling my attention to the difference. “You never saw them in

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such clothes on the *Mauretania* or the *Amerika*," he declared; "all the women in white sweaters and yachting caps, and all fat and everyone looking so holidayish."

At that moment everything looked anything but holidayish to me. It was a cold, wretched world. I had left my furs at home to avoid another package, and I wished that I was back with them and that South America and books and publishing houses were all at the bottom of that miserable, topsy-turvy ocean to remain there forever.

But Hatteras once passed the storm was left behind, and soon we were on blue seas with blue skies overhead, and it seemed impossible to think that just two days back was New York all slippery and sloppy, with horses falling down on Fifth Avenue and motors skidding and everyone wrapped up to the ears. Less than one week before Orange-Blossom and I had been dug out of a snowdrift when we were trying to break the way on a Long Island road in our cutter, and here we were sitting under an awning with shade hats and veils, reveling in the delicious lassitude and laziness that the caressing, warm sea air induced.

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“I’ve discovered some people we know on board,” Orange-Blossom announced the second day out when the passengers began to show signs of life. “They are going the whole cruise to Panama, Costa Rica, Hayti, and home. They say they preferred this little craft to the *Moltke* with a hundred and fifty friends on her and bridge and cocktails and hot-air for a month—who wouldn’t?”

Certainly not my husband or I. The very thought of a car-load or a boat-load or a motor-load of people personally conducted anywhere is a horror to us. Give us our own society, and those we choose to take into it for traveling, then we can discover things for ourselves, and get our own impressions without suggestions and comment. We were content that on the little *Prinz* steamer there were only four people we knew. There was amusement enough in watching the others.

Our seats at table were by the captain, and at our first meal, when he welcomed us with his broad German smile, we were his, he never doubted, in interest and heart. My steamer chair was placed on the upper deck close to the en-

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trance to his cabin, and in his comings and goings he always spared a moment for a greeting, a comment, or a story. And how he loved gossip!

“I tell you about 'em,” he would whisper, bending over me brimming with excitement. “You see dat one; she camed mit us to go over and dance in Cuba, I hear. Now, ain't she joost dressy?” I engrossed myself at once in her furbelows and flounces and her flirtations which became a matter of moment to observe and report to my commander. Her *affaire* with the doctor gave us both many chances for confidences, and as the color of her stockings became each day more vivid and alluring her proficiency in shuffleboard increased. When had anyone on a trans-Atlantic steamer seemed so absorbing?

“And dis one! My, she's a corker”; and the captain went on to confide her history. “She camed mit us a year ago. You should joost have seen her then—so white, so tired, and so leetle, and only been married a year. It vas the hoosband's plantation vat done her so bad. She had to go home, and now, mein Gott! she's tifferent.”

I tried to picture her “so white, so leetle, so tired,” this gay pink and white young woman.

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Her much opened-work blouses and their low Dutch collars were the comment of the ship; so were her conversations. "She says she won't stay down there if she doesn't like it. She was sick before because she hated it so. How foolish to talk such stoof!" Martina revealed; on the *Prinz* we were all one in our common interests. Later gossip ran riot, for at Kingston the expectant husband was seen with a rather morose aspect. The passengers leaned over the rail to watch the greeting—and some of them caught it. "I've been hearing a lot about you there in New York—yes, and on the ship, too!" And her answer, "Oh, I dare say people will always talk about me; they're all jealous!" It was the *mot* of the *Prinz* all the way to Panama.

Never for a moment did the captain question our absorption in his news and our eagerness for it. No more did he mistrust our appetite for his stories, and we were fair game—Orange-Blossom and I—all alert for information about the new world to which we were going. We were good listeners, too, amazed, sufficiently incredulous but never too doubting and anxious for suggestions. The captain disclosed to us all he knew

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only too gladly, in a manner likely to make us turn tail so that we would return with him on the *Prinz*. There was the incident of his fight with the poison viper nestling in his bed—a usual occurrence in the Amazon country, it seemed—and his account of the yellow-fever peril everywhere on the west coast. No one could escape it, and no one could escape the horrible quarantines on the old hulks in the different harbors, and the food—“mein Gott”—and the ships we would find, all tended to the same end. “You had joost better quit and come back mit us; you’ll see! We’re all so happy on the *Prinz!*”

And happy we were during those long lazy days before we reached Jamaica—days with the sun ever growing warmer, the sky and sea bluer, and life more restful. The wonder of it grew. Wireless messages came to us sent some hours before from the bleak, cold land we had left, and there we were reading them in the thinnest of summer attire, sitting all day on deck with delicious little sea breezes blowing fragrance and warmth from the sunlit shore we were skirting, watching the “flying fishes play,” and the fairy nautilus gaily sail-

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ing the crests of the waves that rolled under our bows.

One of the people we knew liked to read aloud, and his books were about Drake and the days of glory in the Spanish Main—grand old tales of the waters we were so peacefully sailing—or stories about the Gold Road on the Isthmus, that we would soon see, or legends of the West Indian Islands and the Sargasso Sea. As he read we would take turns with Orange-Blossom's binoculars in watching the far-away shores glowing in the sun and the rocks radiant with the colors of the aqua-marine that broke on their white reefs.

So would the hours fly all too quickly, until wonderful light and colors that the setting sun induced came over sea and land. Then Martina would send up to us our own traveling outfit, with tea well brewed and selected cakes for which she foraged, and we would partake and be filled with infinite satisfaction and joy in the gifts of the universe.

It was hard to have to go below and make ready for the evening meal, but on the *Prinz* in good weather this was a function of ceremony. Martina sighed at my simple preparation. In view of

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what we might expect to see in the dining saloon my white serge reflected small glory on her—the dancer going to Cuba, the lady of the plantation, they so far outdid me. I was humble and apologetic. “They all understand that we are going on a long trip and can’t take ball dresses or much variety,” I explained, but Martina was downcast. I felt her mortification.

Martina had recovered bravely from the first “tired feeling”; some unexpected side-lights in her character were showing. She had been discovered by a dark-hued gentleman of the second cabin, whom she termed “that Etayloon feller.” He doubtless did have some Latin blood in his veins but, Spanish or Italian or Haytian, all were alike to Martina. I had never expected Martina to attract the other sex, and I was bewildered when she confided to me that, on occasions, “that feller” talked “stoof,” and yet she continued to endure him. I questioned Orange-Blossom: “What will become of us if Martina turns out to be a flirt? What had I better do?”

“Forget it,” he counseled. “It’s the place, the sea, the weather. She’ll be all right and can look after herself, so go slow.”

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Orange-Blossom always avoids an issue; nevertheless my fears were roused. I didn't dare remonstrate. I didn't as yet feel well enough acquainted with her, but I watched.

After dinner, prolonged because, with his modest, slender glass of Rhine wine, the captain grew loquacious, and Orange-Blossom, in his respect for the sea and those on it, would never make the first move to go, we would find on deck some festivity on hand, usually an impromptu dance. The captain smiled approval on all, and would enter with zest into the sport. All made way for him as he sought a partner. I used to wonder if it was for mischief, or, perhaps, he was thinking of the waiting husband of the plantation, that he usually selected for his dance *par excellence* the lady going to Jamaica.

The captain had an ideal ahead, a roseate future on a "leettle chicken farm of mein own mit *mein frau und kinder*" when his sea-days should be over. How he whirled the gay lady round and round! The band had to play till he chose to stop, and she would never dare refuse him. In spite of her fine attire she would be a sad sight when he had finished, exhausted, perspiring, and cross, not

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ready for any more fun for a while—and he would speak his gratitude gravely and bow to her without the shadow of a smile.

Five days out and we were at Fortune Island—to leave our mail and to take on negroes to handle the cargo at Jamaica. Very far from New York we seemed as we watched the bobbing little row boats come out to us and the half-dressed niggers scramble on board. On the island the homes of the officials looked fragile and foreign, and all was so hot. Here we were under another rule; we had sailed into the realms of far-awayness already, and we accepted everything hazily and lazily. To have the almost naked blacks lying about on the deck below in plain view seemed but passing strange, though Martina pronounced it “disgost-ing.”

The captain’s dinner was familiar. We had encountered it often on the big German liners, but not lately for, alas! it is fast becoming ancient history. The illuminated ice-cream has become a bore to the traveler who takes a run across the seas several times a year, and even the school-girl of to-day thinks it rather “silly,” but on the *Prinz* it was different. Here was no lukewarm

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applause for the get-ups of the excited waiters; they had it in full measure—Germania, Uncle Sam, and all the others. Mottoes cracked everywhere, and everyone put on paper caps. Speeches were made, and even the head-waiter came in for his share of flattery and appreciation. “We’re alls so happy,” the captain insisted, and no one dared show it if he wasn’t.

A grand ball followed, and, of course, right under my window the band played mercilessly way into the night. But we had for solace the upper deck with all the awnings rolled away and the whole glory of the heavens shining down on us.

CHAPTER III

JAMAICA AND KINGSTON

BY the time that we had landed in Jamaica and had hired the racketty, ricketty vehicle which they call a "buggy," Orange-Blossom was in a sad state of mind and matter. Of course, he had spent hours leaning over the deck-rail with glasses and camera. "We may never come again" was the excuse for the most abnormal excesses of photography, but who could blame him? It was so beautiful and so new to us.

All the morning we had steamed along the shore of the big, brilliant island, seeing the plantations with their feathery groves of palms and banana trees showing soft and green against the line of blue hills; the bright-colored roofs of the settlements glowing in the sunshine, the jungle-lands, the little harbors, the natives waving to us from the water's edge, and over all the radiance of the intense tropical heat. Later we slowly made our way down the treacherous channel into the pretty

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Kingston Harbor, remembering, as we came and saw evidences of shipwrecks here and there, the pathetic story that the captain had told us—one of the minor tragedies of the great tragedy of the earthquake.

A German steamer was due at Kingston the night that the city fell. No one had remembered to light the warning lamp in the light-house—how could they think of it in that moment of terror? The boat sailed gaily along. It was the evening of the captain's dinner. All on board were in merry mood. The band played. The passengers danced. There was no wireless then to flash a warning message. There was no way to let the captain know, and on the bridge, watching for the accustomed signal and failing to find it, he reasoned that his course must be wrong and he steered further in. Then came the crash, the panic, and the ship went down so quickly that few could be saved. The captain, understanding vaguely that in some way he must have made a mistake, a false reckoning—he never knew why—took up a revolver and shot himself dead, and another life was added to the list of the many ending that day.

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Very safe and smiling, however, did Kingston Harbor look as we glided around the light-house to the dock. Little black boys swam out to meet us to get the pennies we threw in the clear water. They dived down, down, never missing a copper, and stowing all away in the recesses of their mouths. Orange-Blossom and I dropped a dozen and watched the same youngster catch all, and put all into the same receptacle. May the good Lord preserve him from germs!

When we went ashore we found ourselves directed and ordered about by a jet-black policeman, but his mandates were unquestioned. The "law" goes in Kingston as in Piccadilly, enforced though it may be by a black in white duck trousers instead of a "bobby" in blue and brass.

Orange-Blossom's first encounter with the tropical heat—and it *was* hot at three o'clock in that early February afternoon at Kingston—withered his linen and tried his temper. After our calm, peaceful days on the *Prinz* the landing was hectic. On the dock was a medley of races and a confusion of tongues. Staid Britisher jostled excitable Latin. Blacks and whites jabbered together. Every shade of browns and variation of human

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color showed in the faces around us, from the fair whiteness of the just-arrived northerner to the deep ebony of the mid-tropic dweller, and flickering about everywhere in the crowd were bits of vivid color glittering from a gaudy turban, a sparkling ornament, or a gay kerchief.

Everyone scrambled to get ashore, and there was much conversation about it on board and on land, but we didn't linger longer than we could help on the dock to watch and listen—those precious films had to be developed, and a straw hat had to be bought to appease the "lion," and until these were accomplished I didn't dare speak.

But, our shopping over, we grew calmer and cooler and went to sightsee in Kingston. It was a sorry sight, for the evidences of the terrible disaster were everywhere. Picturesque the place can't help being, and the wonderful palms and glorious blooms soften the ruins and try to hide the havoc, but it will be slow work building up what a moment's shock so mercilessly knocked down.

We saw all there was to see—not much, a church or two and the ruins of others, a dusty statue, the site of the new hotel, and some views

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that were worth while. Orange-Blossom indulged in more photographs, then we were off for the Constant Spring—the hotel on the heights about five miles out of the town, where we were to rest for the night.

Our black driver, most loquacious and eager to impart information, had his own version of the earthquake. “It was just such a evenin’ as this—blue skies, calm seas all quiet and balmy.” He was driving a party to the Constant Spring, too, in a buggy. They felt a tremor “like a was some-one movin’ furniture, yes, sar! And de boss, he says, ‘It’s an earthquake! I feel ’em befo’,’ and then, sar, everything shook and I thought judgment sure am come! An’ I jumps out and kneels down and I prays ‘Lord, have mercy! Judgment am here; judgment am come sure!’ and all prays, ‘Lord, have mercy! Oh, Lord, save us!’ and all cries, ‘Judgment am here; judgment am come!’ ”

He was saved by a lucky chance, for his home in Kingston, a mile back, fell in ruins and several of his family perished. I was grateful to the kind Fate that had spared him to be our guide and instructor. I have seldom met anyone with such a sympathetic feeling for plants and trees and

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blooms, and in naming them and telling us about them he was never wrong. He and I were kindred souls. When he pointed out a tree glorious with brilliant poinsettia we would lose ourselves in an ecstasy of admiration, and a hedge of geranium would rouse in him a fever of enthusiasm equal to my own. . . . Such growth, such flowers, such fragrance! This garden island was a revelation of what Nature could do, and he revealed much to me. He ventured into forbidden places where glory ran riot in shrub and tree and color—gardens and parks belonging to the English officers, and all the time Orange-Blossom complacently sitting by, smoking a comfortable pipe and at peace with the world—if not excited by it.

In the Constant Spring Hotel we found ourselves in England—and a smart and well-groomed England, too. How wonderful our cousins of the land of John Bull are in making completely theirs whatever place their flag flies over! Jamaica at the Constant Spring might have been Brighton or Learnington—the same carpets, the same furniture, the same periodicals and newspapers on the tables, and the same men and women. Only occasionally was one reminded of the far-awayness we



“Where glory ran riot in shrub and tree and color.”



Jamaica glowing in the sunshine.

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were in by the dark attendants who, speaking in the subdued, respectful tones peculiar to English servants, nevertheless spoke with the delicious, liquid accent of the south. All else was true British.

At any hotel where England held sway one would be sure to see the matron who sat at the dining-table next to ours—a loyal subject to her finger-tips, in her stiff black silk dress with rare lace at the open throat and her well-arranged hair. Her husband was there, just as always, one eye-glass to accentuate his stare at “the strangers”—vigorous, well preserved, ruddy, and ponderous, not bothering at all to lower his voice. We were regaled throughout the meal with items from the *Times* and *Mail* about the Veto Bill and the excitement in the House.

And after dinner the corridor proclaimed England everywhere—the four men playing bridge for a shilling a hundred and a “quid” for the corners, who might have just walked out of a club on St. James Street; the trim officers from the barracks, flirting with maidens in white muslins not too well laundered, with all their usual accompaniments of bows and sashes and scarfs; the

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portly gentleman leaning over the desk to get the papers that came in the evening's "post"—they were all here in Jamaica, unadaptable, unneighborly, but always emphasizing the wonderful hold of the mother-country on her servants.

We felt rank outsiders. We did our best—put on evening attire and tried not to be aggressive or talk loud—but there was no real place for us at the Constant Spring. However, the people we knew on the *Prinz* were there, too, and we consoled ourselves together with a "swizzle"—a wonderful concoction of various liquids, all insidious and all good—as a fitting night-cap for comfortable repose in good beds and clean rooms.

Of course we were awakened early the next morning by the Britishers preparing to start for golf, riding, or some one of the different "exercises" necessary to those of English build, whether the climate is hot or cold, wet or dry, on the equator, or at the top or bottom of the world. They were all soon away, and we watched them leave the hotel and applauded their energy. I was glad to have an hour or two more to sleep, but I could see that Orange-Blossom felt rather bad

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about it—a little lazy and unenterprising and—American!

Later he announced with vehemence, “Let’s get away from here. We’ll blow in a motor for the day, and see everything we can—we may never come again.” Economy is not Orange-Blossom’s strong point, but I did not demur. The day, the air, the place, all called for non-resistance, and we had but one life to live after all!

We started off happily, and did the “garden isle” of Jamaica. It was a day to make a joyful memory! We saw old towns and new, English buildings spick and span, and “nigger” settlements dirty and infinitely more picturesque; the places where old Jamaica lived, and unbelievable new towns perched away up on the slopes of the volcano-mountains; barracks and fortifications, and little harbor-towns basking in heat and mist. We saw such flowers, such ferns and foliage, collections made by the government, where orchids crowded together and bamboo groves made dense shade. We saw tangles of jungle forests, but we heard never a bird, for the little mongoose has done his work too well. Imported to drive away the snakes, he has succeeded, but alas! all the

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songsters have gone, too. We came upon glorious views of the blue, blue water and the green, green land—intense in their colors. We skirted impossible roads cut on the sides of the mountains, and in one place we waited for the landslide of a few days before to be cleared away before we could go on. We were touched by the “doctor” and the “undertaker”—the healing air of the morning and the dangerous tropic-breeze of the eve. And we saw the native women in all their glory—what a glory they are in Jamaica, where it is the fashion for them to do the work, their lords and masters who want to labor going to Colon to engage with the canal overseers. Everywhere we saw them coming from the mountains, from the interior, from all over the island to market, bringing the result of their toil, having walked a day, two days, or a week, carrying always their “load” so exactly balanced on their heads that there is no risk of a mishap, and swinging along the highways with a grace and carriage that a Fifth Avenue maiden fresh from gymnasium training and dancing masters might well envy.

Our driver of the day before had told us all

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about them, how little girls begin to "train" when they can toddle, and are very proud and happy when they are given the head-straps to fasten on their first "load." But, our informer had said, it was a mark of aristocracy in high-life darkeydom for the women of a family not to bear a "load." He proudly assured us that his feminines didn't. "No, sar, not while's I'm here to work for 'em!" He must have been a rare exception, for many a man did we behold astride of a mule, his feet reaching to the ground as he rode, smoking a big, black cigar, with his womenfolk trudging patiently alongside with their burdens, all, seemingly, quite content.

Too quickly our happy day came to an end—with a rush, as we were "Americans." We had promised the captain to return for a dinner that he was giving on board to some of Jamaica's grandees, and, breathless, we arrived at the *Prinz* just in time to dress to the music of the band furiously going outside of our window, while from the dock came, at intervals, applause loud and long—and smells! The group of people whom we met that evening may have been typical of the place. One was a king of the soil, born in

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Jamaica, of mixed German and native extraction. His wife, a fair English girl, wanted to talk of nothing but "home" in spite of the Jamaica palace he had built her, her five motors and her four Jamaica babies. Did I know that Peter Robinson had added another shop to those he had on Regent Street? Had I heard about the scandal of Jessie Brown and his Grace—when the King went to visit him in the country? All London was talking about it. Yes, she was going home very soon; she had to go often for several months at a time—the climate was so trying here one must really go away. She would take her boys and put them at Eton and bring back an English governess for the girls. Did I think the last Liberty model suitable for the present mode?

It was a pathetic sight to watch the husband look at her furtively as she talked. He drank large quantities of beer, and he joked loudly in bad German, but here were elements of tragedy!

Orange-Blossom absorbed himself in a breezy little lady who, it appeared, claimed ancestors from Cape Cod, too. She was quite content with her semi-English, semi-German spouse, and he applauded her flirtation and her comments that

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“Kingston was good enough for her if it wasn’t Broadway.” He had made quantities of money, he told me, in a few years out of some industry in Jamaica, and he viewed life and the world in jolly optimistic spirit. There was another lady, a visitor from Cuba, who wore a very décolleté black dress with fascinating flashes of scarlet in it. She had big eyes and a delicious accent and used both with effect, and there was “Uncle Tod”—we never heard his other name—English to the core, with long white side-whiskers and a red nose, and a keen appreciation of the captain’s good champagne.

They were a gay little company and the captain was a wonderful host. On the upper deck after dinner he had five different courses served and five different things to eat and drink. “But they moost alls be happy,” he explained later, when I told him that he was a corrupter of digestions and figures.

Early the next morning we set sail. Early the band broke into a riot of gleeful farewell music. It was hardly daylight, and I realized that a cabin-of-luxury is not always a luxury on a *Prinz* steamer. Into the Caribbean we sailed, and they

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said that I was in rare good luck to have the Caribbean as I had it for the next two days before we arrived at Colon. I suppose they were truthful, and perhaps it can be very horrid, as they vow it is more often than not; but how could we believe it? There was never a ripple or a wave on the blue waters. It was a voyage of delight. The air grew always warmer and the sun hotter, but there was a breeze, and we were comfortable in our thin clothes on the upper deck, lounging lazily in our long chairs.

Black "deckers" from Jamaica filled the lower part of the steamer. It seemed that our jovial commander was as popular with low as with high, and they all wanted to come on this ship. They were going to Colon to work on the canal and get enough money to take back for a "spree" at home; then they would come back again, although each time that they returned before they arrived at Colon they had to be vaccinated. With the memory of our recent experience and all the fuss there was about disinfecting, it was interesting to see how the ship's doctor did it. The blacks were marched past him, one by one, each holding out a bare arm, and into each, with little cere-

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mony, he jabbed a vaccine point, doing about a dozen arms in half a minute. They all took the operation well; they knew all about it, and they only grinned. Perhaps they hid the rebellious ones.

At night the ship was filled with the sound of music made by the "deckers," as they chanted and droned their weird songs. We would stand above and watch them huddled together—a confused mass of dark humanity packed close. Some had brought their families; all had household furniture, and boxes and babies, bundles and bureaus were crowded so that there seemed hardly room for anyone to breathe, and yet they sang!

At Colon we heard from one of our medical staff stationed there how these intermittent workers had to be treated to make them serviceable. When we started the canal work the men had been hired outright and given all their wages, and they paid for their own food. This did not do. The blacks would eat bananas, yams, anything "filling" and cheap, and keep their money to take home for gambling and amusement. Now that the food was provided by the authorities and the price deducted from the wages, the gain in

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good labor had been surprising. Perhaps that was one reason why the "deckers" looked and seemed so happy. Among the other big things that we are doing in Panama, we are giving these people a foundation for health which may be of infinite service to the race.

Below us the "deckers" sang, above us was the glory of the heavens. It was beginning to be a new and unfamiliar firmament. Already we had seen the false Cross—the true Southern Cross was yet to be discovered—and the stars shone and glittered with amazing radiance. So inspired was Orange-Blossom that he determined to rise and see the sun come out of the Caribbean, and on one of the mornings our cabin was roused, at his command, by the steward with a tray announcing, "It vills be light schon!" Airily clad Orange-Blossom betook himself and his coffee to the deck, where a fellow traveler met him. They watched the light break over the waters, and they said it was a wonderful and glorious sight and that I was dull and unappreciative of my blessings not to have joined them. Maybe; it was all very well for them—just a hasty hair-brush, slippers and dressing-gown slipped on, and they were pre-

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sentable, but what woman with any respect for herself and for the eyes of her fellow travelers will appear on deck to face the rising sun and the light of the breaking day in such scanty attire and with such scant preparation? In the glare of the morning picturesque dishevelment does not go. I preferred to miss the sunrise and preserve some illusions in the minds of my fellow-travelers.

CHAPTER IV

PANAMA—STARS AND STRIPES

NEVER—it seemed so then and it almost seems so now—have I endured a more uncomfortable night than when we were off Colon. What heat! We of the north shore of Long Island fancy that we have our troubles in the midsummer dog-days, and I heard several of our plucky workers on the Isthmus declare that they didn't suffer more there than in New York or Chicago during July and August. Bless their brave spirit! But I don't believe them. As we lay in the harbor, tossing and tumbling, dripping, suffocating, and breathless, we felt that this was pretty nearly "touching bottom."

The day before we had been told that the doctor of the port would come on board at five-thirty a. m., and that everyone must be ready to be inspected in the ladies' saloon. When the order was given it had seemed as if rising at dawn might be trying, but long before then we were only too

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thankful to have an excuse to see what the deck had to offer in way of relief from our smothering cabin-of-luxury.

Orange-Blossom was in an unspeakable temper; Martina, wan and weary as seen by the flickering light at our door at five o'clock, after one look at the luggage to be packed, wept, and I, feeling that this was the last straw, retired from the scene and, leaning over the rail, heartily wished her back among her pots and kettles and myself almost anywhere else. The memory of our physician's warnings, the books we had read, the commiseration of our friends, all loomed large and ominous in the murky gloom of our entrance into the danger-country. This was the beginning, what would we be at the end?

Luckily I hadn't much time for reflection before the bell rang to summon us to the saloon, where a sorry-looking lot of passengers assembled. Courage revived somewhat when the doctor appeared. He was so trim and trig in his khaki uniform and so emphatically "from home." It was business with him every moment—serious and important. His keen glance took us in as he read off each name and questioned everyone who stepped up

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to be inspected. He was our first evidence of the far-reaching arm of our vigilant sanitary rule in the ten-mile zone and our first encounter with the rule of Uncle Sam away from the States. We felt like shouting, "Hail Columbia!" How often we wanted to shout it during our stay on the Isthmus!

It was a surprise—and such a pleasant one—when our turn for inspection came, to have the doctor hold out his hand, introduce himself, and say that Colonel Gorgas had asked him to look after us. The tension of Orange-Blossom's face perceptibly relaxed; I took a long breath, and Martina, forgetting even the luggage, smiled superiority on everyone else on board.

We blessed Colonel Gorgas many times that morning for the good turn he had done us. As the doctor leaned against our cabin door, enjoying one of my husband's "best" while we were preparing to get away, he calmed our fears. Orange-Blossom might take off his Jaeger "altogethers" without believing himself to be rushing into certain death. Martina could drink unlimited cups of her desired coffee, and I could shop to my heart's content everywhere and not worry to disinfect

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each purchase. These and other bits of advice and counsel did he give us for facing the tropics and life on the west coast. His common-sense and often laughing comments restored our "nerve." Later he helped us most effectively to get ourselves and our belongings ashore, and took us for an intelligent view of Cristobal and Colon.

I do not suppose that the first sight of our work on the Isthmus would impress an ordinary observer as it did us. As a general thing everyone is eager to get off to Panama and Ancon, and hurries from the ship to the railroad station, hardly taking the time to look about him. But with Dr. Pierce for a guide to point out the inner doings and explain the "before and after" of our taking hold it gives food for much thought and for much patriotic pride.

We landed a little before eight o'clock. We took a carriage and saw as much as we could before nine-thirty, when the train for Panama left. This was the dry season, yet during that time the rain fell on six different occasions. To be sure, the showers lasted only for a few minutes, but when they came the rain dropped in a steaming waterfall as if it had been poured out of a red-

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hot bucket—solid, straight, and hard, the rain of the tropics! No one seemed to mind it much. The men ran to stand under a convenient doorway. Women tucked up their skirts and scampered to shelter, not bothering to raise an umbrella, but when one remembers that during the year the percentage of water that falls is about two hundred inches—in New York it is about fourteen—and that sometimes the Chagres River rises forty feet in a single night in the rainy season, one does not wonder that they take the “showers” with little concern.

The steaming heat that followed the rain was worse than the downpour. It made one feel just a crumpled, soggy mass of discomfort. It rose in waves from the black, oozy earth, and everything was seen through a humid, dense mist. One shivered to think how it must breed all sorts of slimy, creeping, crawling creatures and mosquitoes. But here comes the marvel—there were no mosquitoes! Not a single one did we see or hear during our stay of two days on the Isthmus. Of course, we have grown used to the fact, and it doesn't sound so wonderful to anyone who hasn't been there and is not familiar with the history of



A street in Colon as it was.



A street in Colon as it is.

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the canal work, but let him go, as we did, with someone who has been in the labor since our government took it up, and let him see what has been done to rid the place of the army of winged destruction that took more lives than have been sacrificed in many a battle and caused more money to be wasted than would have built a great city—then the realization will come home!

There was one street left as all used to be. It was in preparation to be raised to the proper level and made fit—a horrid trough of mud with no drainage or sidewalk, and for working men's homes mere huts sinking into the boggy ground. The contrast to the rest was astounding! Straight, clean avenues bordered by beautiful palms, with sidewalks and rounded sewers which were flushed every hour or two, where there was no corner for the most infinitesimal bit of dirt or refuse to lurk. The houses for the engineers, for the heads of the work, the tenements for the workmen, the hospital, the commissary departments, the ice-plant, even the prison, were all so inviting, all clean and sanitary, with gay blooms growing in the gardens about them to give color and brightness. All the buildings are high on stilts, and

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woe to him who leaves a pail of water or a surreptitious garbage pail anywhere about. The fine is levied with hard, sure firmness—no offender wants to incur it a second time.

We drove past the palaces built for De Lesseps—still standing with a few of the important edifices of bygone days. They are the setting for some sad stories. Here is one, well known, but told on the spot it was impressive.

When the French government singled out, from the many who wanted to go, the chief engineer at the start of the undertaking, he was thought to be a person of fame and fortune. All Paris showed its homage by sending him off in a blaze of glory. There were fêtes of farewell, balls, processions, and when he and his wife and three daughters sailed away France waved them a joyful parting salute and they waved back gratitude to the nation that had conferred on them such dignity and honor. They arrived at the pretty home prepared in Colon, and gaily started life in the new world. The daughters gave a round of “parties” for the engineers and their families and friends. All were in holiday mood, and with their dainty French clothes and their pretty ways the

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fair French maidens were soon the pets and the toasts of the place—the flower of the whole undertaking. Alas! too soon sorrow came. The youngest daughter died of yellow fever. Desolation fell on the family, but presently they took heart again. She was very young, they argued, and had not heeded the necessary precautions strictly enough. Firmer measures were taken about the food and the drainage—in vain! The second daughter succumbed, and in a month the third. The yellow peril had done its deadly work. Broken and aged, the desolate mother went back to France to get courage. The engineer stood to his work and hid his bleeding heart for the glory of his country. When his burden became more than he could bear alone he pleaded to his wife to return. They must not yield; they would carry their cross together and live for the work of their nation as patriots—no longer as father and mother. The brave woman girded herself anew, and took every care and precaution that science advised—but it was of no use. After a few months on the Isthmus she was attacked and died. The house was doomed. The poor crazed father and husband stored away his medals. He buried the last of his dead and

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quietly, without much emotion, put a bullet into his brain—and so ended the career of Panama's great French engineer!

Sad are the shadows that cast themselves over the little stretch of land where the small winged insect has so effectively done his deadly work. He never wanders far; he is a home-loving creature, a denizen of drain-pipes and water-barrels, but there was little chance against him until his danger was understood and, as now, so thoroughly guarded against. "I just dodged mosquitoes," said Colonel Gorgas, when we asked him, in awed reverence, how he had escaped in his marvelous daring of the grand work that he, more than all others, has made possible. But he said it seriously when we were talking with him at the Tivoli on the evening of our arrival, and, in answer to my praise of the exquisite cleanliness of the hotel, he said, seriously, too, "Yes, all that is true, but there are still some things for them to learn. Look at that door!" He pointed to the entrance to the screened veranda, the screened door through which people were continually passing in and out. "It should be smaller, more carefully screened still. I suppose if a rattlesnake or a lion were to

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make an appearance in that door people would jump away, not stay quietly chattering in the hall here, but while we do all that we can to prevent his coming, a mosquito might stray in and if he happened to be the right fellow he could do more harm than any of the other animals." Indeed, seeing the Isthmus and our work there gives food for thought and wonder!

There were funny sides, too. The names of the streets at Colon interested us. Dr. Pierce told us how they happened. When the United States first took hold of the work, one of the engineers was a good Manhattan-born but Irish-parented individual, with few "frills." He found the filthy, muddy, passages bearing such titles as Avenida des Delicias, Calle Sta. Domingo and others of sentimental Spanish origin. "Shall we give them the same names, sir?" asked one of the engineer's lieutenants when the alleys had been remade into straight, clean streets, ready for use. "Naw, not a bit of it," answered the son of Erin. "Call 'em First, Second and Third—that's plain and easy to understand." And so they were called—these palm-bordered, Caribbean-swept ways in the place where now the death-rate is lower than in

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New York City, and where the price of the victory is the work and ceaseless vigilance of just such people as the matter-of-fact engineer.

Dr. Pierce showed us the labor of others with patriotic pride; of his own he said little, but we heard, afterwards, how instrumental he had been in bringing about the splendid results we saw. He had come among the first, giving his strength and young manhood and intelligence to the undertaking and risking much. When he felt that it was safe he had sent for his wife and babies, but even then—he said it with trembling lips—his wife had been laid low with the yellow pest. He had pulled her through, thank God! and “the babies were blooming!”

He showed us his home. It seemed to be very safe and healthful, built on a jut of rock overlooking the sea, and no doubt it was all right, but there is a creepy little feeling that possesses one at Colon. As we said good-bye to the young doctor, gratitude on our lips, admiration in our souls, our hearts ached a bit. He carried his brave spirit gaily, but he had known dark hours—we prayed that he would know no more!

We started in an American-built car, run by an

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American-built engine on American tracks laid by American engineers, for Ancon. That ride across the Isthmus was one of the wonder-rides of our life. It was the first time that Orange-Blossom and I had seen the real, true jungle—the jungle of geography pictures, of nightmare dreams. Gloom and swamp, filled with growths of wicked-looking trees and shrubs and entangling, smothering vines creeping everywhere and burying everything in their clutch. Unhealthy, vivid greens and brilliant, feverish blooms, giving color in spots, muddy, slimy water meandering in and out through the dense growth—there it all was, the vision of our imagination come true, just as wonderful, just as horrible!

But, unconcerned, blowing its vigorous American whistle, the train made its way over the track cut right into the density, stopping once in a while at a clearing where there were a few houses clustered about the station, all of zone architecture. On the platform would be a mixture of races. One would hear a drawl of Spanish, soft and low, drowned by the familiar, nasal twang, shrill and high. Someone would call out from the train-step, "So long, Polly, I'll be there sure. Mine for the

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first two-step! Remember!” and a woman with a mantilla over her dark head would be followed into the car by a spruce, young soldier, who looked as if he owned the earth. Waving to him from the station was the inevitable shirt-waisted girl, chewing-gum and all.

Off again down the straight aisle we would steam and Orange-Blossom would call me to come and look out of his window. We bobbed from one side of the car to the other—everybody was doing the same, so it didn't matter.

Here we were diverting the channel of a big river and doing it without any fuss or flurry in an “all-in-the-day's-work” sort of a way that was tremendous! Further on was the Culebra Cut! Our huge steam-shovels were digging the mountain away before our very eyes—daring supreme! We had been awe-struck with patriotic pride at Colon. When we saw the Canal work we became hysterical with patriotic excitement. Actually there was the great hill coming down bit by bit—and as easily!

Hail the Stars and Stripes! They were in evidence all over. So were our men, stalwart, brawny, keeping heart against all odds, fighting

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peril and disease and bringing a mighty enthusiasm to their work—a work that will give to other nations new energy, new stimulus and new opportunities. At home it all sounds easy and we don't waste any too much time thinking about it, but out there one realizes it acutely as a leaf of history turning before one's eyes. The spirit of the labor grasps one's heart and the pictures of the past that come to one's memory make it all the more strange.

One seems to see the shades of old mule-trains as the Gold Road is passed, the famous way of adventurers who brought the riches of the new world to the old Pizarro, taking his treasure back to Spain, his followers in their heavy mail armor breaking through the swamp—pirate and traveler up and down the Gold Road they pass. The place teems with romance and mystery. All the legends of old Panama crowd to one's memory and then one looks out of the car-window and sees our own workers—the new pushes out the old. It is good to know we live now, that we have some part in it, that we are of the red, white and blue!

At Ancon we woke with a start to the commonplace, "To think that we have come all this way to

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find ourselves in just an Atlantic City hotel," complained a fellow-traveler as we entered the Tivoli, our government enterprise. Indeed, it is unmistakably of Brother Jonathan—this huge, uncompromising, most unpicturesque hostelry, built on the heights to catch every breeze. It boasts all the improvements and appointments that modern hygiene and the health department can suggest—bare floors scrubbed to immaculateness, white plaster walls where never a shred of dust can hide, strips of matting, and simple, washable furniture, bathrooms with wonderful, faultless plumbing, but never a curtain, never an ornament, never a concession anywhere.

The Yankee manager greeted us with familiarity and "looked us over" before he remarked, "Guess I can fix you up all right. Step right along, this way!" We went meekly. Later, after we had finished a luncheon consisting of fish-balls, baked beans, buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, I asked the colored waiter for my wrap. "There it is," he nodded, pointing to a chair nearby, and I meekly took it and put it on without assistance. I realized that this was not a far-away land, not

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Panama at all, but just good, independent United States, where every man is equal!

And yet, in after days, we remembered the Tivoli with a stir of heart. It needed experience to make us appreciate it, and it should be approached from a different direction. Away down in Chili, in one of the little nitrate ports, I was talking to a boy who came from Trenton, New Jersey. A strange fate had stranded him there in some business venture. He did not look at home. It was stiflingly hot and dry. The sun glared down in brilliant, baking directness. There was never a blade of grass or a shrub to give relief. We were talking of Panama. "Did you stop at the Tivoli?" he questioned. I laughed and told him the story of the waiter and the clerk, and about the Atlantic City look of things and all the rest. He answered with a perfunctory smile. We were sitting on the porch of the so-called hotel of the place, and I caught his glance at the half-clad natives about us, at the dust-stained food on the tables, at the swarm of flies, at the tumble-down huts and the streets dripping disease and filth. "I suppose it seemed stupid enough to you and unpicturesque," he said, "but it looks different to me. When I get

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away from here to go home for a month—about once in seven years—I feel, when I strike the Tivoli, that I'm in Heaven!"

I didn't laugh again and, for a moment, the land of color, of picture-wonder, of glory and glow, lost all its charm. Had it brought that tired, wan look to the young face? I realized what the Tivoli must mean to him, with its spick and span whiteness and gleaming nickel-plate and scrubbed walls. No, I didn't laugh. We talked of something else.

But just out of the healthful, clean North, we wanted other things and we found them in old Panama. There we could wander to our hearts' content in the crooked little streets with their over-hanging balconies, peeping into churches rich in color and age, getting glimpses of palaces where history spoke, watching in joy the people, the men sombrero-covered, the women flirting their mantillas, the brown naked babies. In this the States had no part.

Later when Orange-Blossom, on business intent, left me to Martina's protection, we went to the shops and my feminine soul thrilled and danced in the wonderful places of Panama's Chinatown.

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Here for a dollar a yard could be had exquisite embroidered crêpes, bits of wonderful jade, drawn-work, lace—even Martina became intoxicated, Martina, whose parting from her “Etaylian” had cast her into gloom. What had the Culebra Cut, the Gatun Dam, the Chagres River, or yet the Tivoli to offer in comparison with the delights she had known on the *Prinz*? She had taken Panama without emotion so far, but in Chinatown she revived. She insisted upon buying a gaudy cotton kimono with a brilliant blue background across which huge pelicans gave mad chase. I could not quite picture to myself a Martina of the future who would sport such a garment and be content to minister to our wants over the kitchen stove. I felt convinced that the kimono was a landmark in our domestic annals.

CHAPTER V

THE HUALLAGA AND THE BEGINNING OF THE WEST COAST

IN New York the agents had said of the west coast of South America, "No one here knows much about it. We'll do what we can for you, but don't expect great things." On the *Prinz* the captain delighted in adding to our fears. When we reached Panama we were warned by everyone that it was a place to be approached in the spirit of "make the best of it," and then, behold us! established happily, even luxuriously, on the *Huallaga*, starting on a journey into Dreamland, a journey of color and pleasure. How few as beautiful has the world to offer!

Our friends tell us that we always fall on our feet. Certainly a kind, ministering angel guided Orange-Blossom to meet the Peruvian minister in Panama, who spoke of the two steamers, subsidized by his government, that were starting on their maiden trips up and down the coast. The

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Huallaga had been delayed in getting away from Bilbao, waiting for cargo—no one bothers about schedule time on the west coast—she was sailing the next afternoon.

We had returned from an inspection of the boat on which, in New York, we had engaged passage. We had come away trying to smile bravely—had we not determined to be good sports? The outlook demanded courage. She was old, decades of danger-patients must have been quarantined on her. Things looked greasy. There was a bit of banana peel on the deck and I saw something crawling in my cabin. But this is what we had expected. Oh, well! It was only for ten days, anyway. Then Orange-Blossom came across Senor Pezet, the minister from Peru.

The *Huallaga* had only just come over from England, where she was built. This was to be her first trip down the coast to Callao. She was a pretty craft, slim, slick and like a yacht in her lines. Her triple screws and oil-fed machinery took her three thousand five hundred tons fleetly over the water and she made her eighteen and more knots an hour with no trouble at all. Unless we were quarantined somewhere we would reach

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Callao in six days. Above all she was clean and new. No one had ever slept in our cabins. We did not hesitate a moment.

“You took your lives in your hands,” said a friend well versed in the lore of the west coast when we told him at Valparaiso of our trip. “A brand new steamer run by oil, with an engineer accustomed to coal! A brand new captain—his first trip as a commander of any vessel, who had been doing shore-duty for three years! A brand new crew—new to him and new to those waters—who had been sent over with the ship from England! You were quite mad!”

Perhaps we were, but we didn't know all this at the time we boarded the *Huallaga*, and we believed ourselves to be supremely lucky as we glided away from the hot, sticky Isthmus into the glory of the sunset and the coolness and calmness of *el Pacifico*.

Martina busied herself at once in making our two little cabins comfortable. With their screened windows and doors opening on deck they seemed guarded enough from mosquitoes, but she insisted upon rigging a netting over our berths—fastening it in the middle about a barrel-hoop. “That

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Etaylian feller" had said she must. The sweet English girl who helped her—the stewardess—was a surprise. We hadn't expected anything like her here. She was so dainty and conventional in her blue gingham uniform with immaculate collar and cuffs and cap. I wondered what strange fate had stranded her on the *Huallaga*. I wondered more during the voyage. She was so unfailingly patient with trying passengers, so mistress of every situation and of herself. Probably she was there merely because she had been sent by the authorities at home—English women do not question the orders of their "governors and masters."

One of Orange-Blossom's windows opened on the after-deck against a huge chicken-coop. Clucking hens—which we ate later in the day—awoke him at dawn, and, usually, it smelt! But that was a trifle, we thought, as we sailed off gaily from all things familiar, feeling almost as if we were on a yacht of our own chartering, as there were only a dozen passengers on board. We were pioneers all alert for what the new world had to offer, and what is better than being a pioneer in pleasant places if you are one of a couple who are congenial and have fair health and a sense of humor?

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“The captain asks that you will sit at his table,” said the captain’s boy as we entered the place of eating later. We accepted the invitation with alacrity, for our passing view of the Spanish-Latin South Americans devouring *casuela* at one long board had not been especially appetizing. The little table set for four in the coolest corner of the deck-saloon looked very good to us. “*Muy bien!*” we murmured to the steward as we took our places there.

Some day I am going to write a study of captains, and the chapter on the commander of the *Huallaga* will not be the least interesting one. He looked at me sideways as he introduced himself—hardly ever during the voyage did he quite look at me squarely. Women were not much in his line and I don’t believe that he had met a perfectly respectable woman from the States. He was only thirty-two. He was very bashful. He was a new sensation!

Our other table companion appeared presently. Thank goodness, Orange-Blossom is not the kind of traveler who, when he is warm, has to remove his coat and vest and suspenders, and wear a soft collar with perspiration breaking out above and

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about it. Our fellow-voyager was all this, even at our first meeting, but there were other things about him that made up. We discovered them later and, then, his shirt was generally a nice white silk one. It was inevitable that we four should see a good deal of each other. The Latins kept to themselves. Luckily they considered the lower deck cooler, and the few English-speaking people lived in their cabins or sat on camp-stools on the deck just outside to guard their possessions. Among them there was a mother "coming out" with her two sons, who had finished their education "at home." They were to join the head of the family at Paita and go with him to some place of oil-industry, where she would be the only white woman. No doubt she would abide in such conditions for pretty nearly the remainder of her days, but she didn't object. "It nicht ha' bin worrse!" she commented with true Scotch optimism. The elder son incurred my enmity and displeasure, for he at once selected Martina for a play-fellow. The ship had little to offer and social order does not obtain on the west coast. His camp-chair was near where she sat, as watch-dog, over our cabins. Why not? All very well

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from his point of view, but on Martina the effect was demoralizing. Martina was slowly but surely revolving out of her orbit. The dusky "Etaylian" had been head-turning enough, but to be chosen as the object of affection of a first-cabin "young gentleman," as good as any, was dizzying. She had not known that the world could hold such joy.

There were, besides this family, a young engineer and his "woman" and children. Maybe he had left his wife, according to strict English law, safely at home in England—somebody hinted it—but, whatever her position was, the girl with him seemed quite content to take her youth and fairness and her three babies to his place of work away up in the Andean heights, where the air was hard to breathe, food was hard to get and companionship none. Was she doing it all for love, we wondered? There are women like that. For us the Peruvian minister had paved the way. I can fancy how our commander must have dreaded us, but I think he grew from dread to toleration and later even to liking. No one can ever long resist Orange-Blossom when he is in holiday mood, especially anyone with a fellow-feeling of sea-love and sea-understanding, and I tried to do

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my best. It was a triumph even at the end of the first dinner when the captain haltingly suggested that we should take coffee in his cabin. "It ain't much for a lady," he apologized, "but it's 'omy and not so 'ot!" The room was somewhat surprising, simple, with the furnishings in fairly good taste. There were a few prints and books. One might have expected to see Jacob's sea stories, but there was an entire set of Kipling and a well-worn set, too. "I like 'im," commented our host. "He's a bloomin' good fellow and he understands. You know, Missis, it's about the same on this side of the world as on the other. Over here, too,

' . . . the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can
raise a thirst.'"

Something in his voice made me forget his seedy, much spotted "service" evening attire; his tarnished brass, my doubts about where the sunburn left off and the dirt began and his mouth, where but two dilapidated front teeth showed between dark caverns, and his finger-nails! What matter? He could quote Kipling like that—and we were embarking on a sea of adventure!

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Perhaps my look embarrassed him. He turned, spat long and loud and swore lustily.

“Yes, by Gawd! We’re a long ways from ’ome—and I wish I ’ad ye all safe hoff my ’ands in Callao ’arbor. I’m young at it and hit’s ’igh time for me to look out ’ere,” and off he was to the bridge outside. The tone of his voice as he gave orders to his officers had a ring of brutality.

The fourth of our party smiled; the smile irritated me, but I hid it. “Oh, you’ll have enough of this,” he encouraged. “I’ve known the old man since we used to go to school together. You’d better take it as you get it. There’s no use being squeamish on the west coast—you’re a long way off from Fifth Avenue.”

I caught Orange-Blossom’s look. We both knew that this gentleman who informed us that he was educated in England and wore a pin proclaiming him a member of the New York Athletic Club had been trying to “size us up” during dinner. He had not quite arrived at a decision about what attitude to assume toward me. Why indeed should a dweller of places nearby Fifth Avenue come down to this netherworld? It was well to be on one’s guard. I reassured

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Orange-Blossom with a glance that I wasn't going to be "difficult," and I made answer humbly that it all interested me. More gracefully he went on to explain that it was no wonder that the captain was nervous. It was not an easy job to take this slim, oil-fed ship down the rock-bound coast, where there was hardly a light-house for nine hundred miles and more, never a signal station or wireless, and probable fog and certain illness everywhere, and, not unlikely, a revolution or two thrown in. As the commander had said he was young and new at it all. The insurance companies had insisted upon an English head and an English crew for the Peruvian ship; hence the reason of this British outfit. "But," he assured us, "the captain was a good fellow; I used to know him at school, and I know." When the gentleman in question came back he found us established as good friends all and he let the light of his countenance continue to shine upon us. That evening was the beginning of a week which was worth while and never to be forgotten.

"One bit of advice let me give you," a friend familiar with the tropics had counseled. "Be lazy; take it all as it comes—with a laugh, if you

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can. Don't think too much and don't ever worry!" We kept the advice in mind.

We awoke early. After the sun has mounted high in the blue, blue heavens even the effort of getting dressed is too tiring. We took warm baths, never cold in the tropics, I braving observation in my dressing-gown and hood as I walked the length of the deck from my cabin to my tub, but there were few to see and no one cared. The bath accomplished, we partook of our own coffee and our own canned milk and our own butter and biscuits and the fresh eggs that we could always get. Martina brewed concoctions over the spirit lamp, and so ended our day's beginning. Dressing was undertaken slowly. What is the use of hurrying when there is nothing to do? Orange-Blossom would emerge a beautiful sight to see in cool flannels, with a delicate color note, for the climate, in shirt, tie and socks—lavender, dreamy mauve or blue to match the sky and the sea and his eye. A dandy could he be, indeed, when there was nothing else to do!

I found my linen suits which I had bought for a song at the January sales most comfortable. What did it matter if they lacked the *dernier cri*

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in cut of sleeve? They were cool to the sight and touch. Martina put them under the mattresses at night to press out wrinkles, and, with a thin blouse, a shade hat, veil and chamois gloves, I was at ease. Our chairs were close to the bridge by the captain's invitation, under awnings where the breeze blew across the ship, and there I established myself early, with a soft linen cushion, a bag with my books and writing pad, and my unbecoming, but much-valued, dark glasses.

But we never kept still for long; there was too much to see. Across from the Isthmus we shot to our first sight of South America—Cape St. Lorenzo, and down over the "line." The captain had amused himself hugely all the day before by telling about the big bump to expect that night when we would "cross" and all the other things sure to happen—but nothing happened! Indeed, it seemed as if nothing could ever happen again, so utterly were we living in a world of dreams and unrealness. There was no work-a-day world, no hurrying, bustling States; the spell of the Pacific held us. Each hour was a golden link in the chain of restful, unmeasured peace. The long, low Pacific swell soothed us into idle drowsiness.

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We lost all count of days, of time. The great calm sea rolled on and on to the west of us. Was there a world over on the other side of the hills that sometimes we saw, to the east? Maybe—but it didn't matter. Sometimes a shark would come alongside and hungrily show his fins, hoping to entice a meal. A whale would spout in the distance. A school of porpoises would toss and tumble in front of us, and flying fishes would skim the water. All about, all above, were birds, birds, birds! Thousands, millions of them. Here is where the laws, written and unwritten, forbid anyone to shoot them—where the guano is valuable!

One day we saw a rock away off in the water—the surface was dark. “Look!” called Orange-Blossom, “look quick!” Obedient, I took the glasses, to discover a big island. All was in shadow, all dark, because every bit of it was covered with birds. There was not a place that we could see where they did not rest. It was one of their nesting spots in the waste of waters.

We never tired of watching the beautiful creatures in their flights across the sky. Their plaintive cry was always in our ears—day and night—of all others the sound one would choose to hear

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in that world of mystery! Down they would swoop, so near that time and again we could photograph a whole flock right overhead—ducks and geese with gorgeous plumage that dazzled and glowed in the vivid sunlight, always on business intent, going fast and fleet, swooping in long, low half circles, with the leader away off ahead—and the pelicans, so different, easy, unruffled and steady-going in dignified flight over the sea. With one of these last we had an adventure—everything is an adventure in such a life!

I had gone to my bunk early to give the masculines “a chance” over their cigars and beverages. They were sitting in the captain’s cabin when there was a knock at the door and, in his usual, unemotional voice, the quartermaster announced, “A pelican’s come on board, sir!”

“A pelican? My God! What do you mean?” The captain was superstitious and it sounded alarming.

“Yes, sir, a pelican!”

The three started to their feet and, sure enough, on the deck they found a huge bird that had been caught in the rigging and fallen, helpless, below. He was flopping about awkwardly

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and disgorging his pouch—sea-sick, the captain called it—a very sorry sight to see. It was agreed that I should be roused—I never wanted to miss anything—so out of a sound sleep I tumbled, hurrying on a long cloak over my scant attire, so that I might get quickly to our strange visitor.

When I went on deck I knew that I really was with Alice in Wonderland. There was the captain, all seriousness, holding the tip of one huge wing, our second friend the tip of the other, and the captain's boy the end of the beak. Big, red eyes glared angrily at me. The bird looked a demon and I wondered that Orange-Blossom dared to go near enough to him to take the measurements—twelve feet four inches from wing tip to wing tip. Then he was flopped overboard so that no bad luck should follow his intrusion. But the captain spent that night on the bridge—in the Pacific it is as well to pay heed to omens!

Our little party met first at *almuerzo* at ten o'clock. We partook of the food lightly—the less said about it the better, and early in the trip we all decided to skip the midday repast. No wonder South Americans are fat; six meals a day did they eat on that boat and usually something between.

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The captain instituted comfortable little afternoon teas in his cabin, where we met when the sun was too powerful to make the deck a place for repose and when our quarters were stifling. In the coolest corner of the ship, away forward, we would enjoy a good English afternoon tea—cold fowl, scones and jam, canned salmon and some exciting viand that Martina would bring to light from our stores and—really good tea. There the captain's boy waited on us—and in his serving gave me a heartache. Perhaps my pity was wasted, but he seemed such a pathetic bit of driftwood. He was small, timid and white—so unlike all the others—and the captain with true British pleasantry delighted in sharpening his wits on his frailty—not cruelly, but with the “keen humor” of his kind. “ ’Urry now; carn’t ye ’urry? What are ye doin’ with your bloomin’ time? Ye’ll pass yeself one of these days if ye don’t look hout!” Such bits of facetiousness gave spice to our repast.

We would linger in the quiet of the place. Orange-Blossom's cigars, never so well bestowed as here, made it possible for me to stay, and the talk would turn to things strange and unfamiliar,

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but of things which did not jar with the world we were in.

Of the fourth of our number we never learned much—perhaps there wasn't much to learn! He seemed to have mixed blood in his veins. Maybe that had induced the *wanderlust* which, he insisted, had possessed him since his first rememberings.

Much of his life had been spent on this west coast, in the Cumbre of the Peruvian Andes "prospecting," and he hinted that he was in touch with powerful corporations on both sides of the Atlantic, north and south; that he was a person of importance in the world of affairs. We didn't doubt, we didn't question. We took him at his own valuation, and we grew to value him at our own. He was an excellent ship comrade—he understood! He knew how to keep quiet, to listen, to see without expression in inadequate adjectives! And, then, when we loafed in the captain's rooms, rings of smoke shadowing the motionless air, he could talk to make us listen. It might be a story of an adventure in his own underworld, about humanity in the crude, civilization in the process of making! Not so good for delicate ears,

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not expurgated for me either, but going with the scene, the place, our mood. What if there were many "I's" in the tale? His voice was low and dramatic. While we listened we lived the life of the "Line" and home never was.

Then the captain, inspired by good listeners, in jerky, rambling sentences, different from the other's facile flow, interrupted by excursions to the bridge—he was never very easy in his navigation—would be drawn to tell of himself. His life needed no trimmings to make it interesting. He was English. London was a word to conjure with. He would be roused to enthusiasm over a Gaiety song, the mention of *The Times*, but his heart was true to Iquiqui, where he had been doing shore duty—he seemed to have served in every kind of capacity on the coast until this chance came to him. It was not an easy task. He had to make good to the stockholders, Peruvians, generally, who looked askance at his English birth and blood. He had to get his share of cargo, and more, to make things pay, and that means grabbing it from the old-established and well-known captains. It was all "up to him," and all the coast people were watching his progress—those of Peru with pride

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and fear, those of other countries with jealousy. Why should the Peruvians make such an experiment? Why have a *Mauretania* and *Lusitania* on this bit of the Pacific coast where everything had been all right all along? And our captain knew it—there was reason for uneasiness!

As the brilliant daylight dulled a little we would go to the ship's rail, lured by the soft wind, the blessed trade wind of the Pacific that seldom, here, blows hard enough to ruffle the waters, but gives relief and refreshment. By the rail we would linger to watch the wonder of the sunset break on the waters and the shade of the evening fall.

And then duty called and Orange-Blossom and I started, and briskly, too, on our daily two miles spurt around the deck. Not too fast, but fast enough to stir the blood which is ready to get sluggish here and induce torpid livers and other unpleasant things. They would watch us—those heavy, flabby Latins—in wonder and shrug their shoulders—“*Arr! Americanos del Norte! Si, si,*” that explains it. We were all like that; we were sinking money and money into the Isthmus—for what? Because we wanted something to do and

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couldn't keep still! And here was another proof—walking when we didn't have to walk—*Caramba!*

The sun would go down angrily, loath to leave this place where he was master. Quiet would descend on all things—and such color! First faint tinges touching the waters, the ripples glinting in wonderful tawny golds and coppers. Deep and deeper would grow the glory until a riot of light was all about and over us. Too quickly it would pass and land and water fade into darkness. No, never quite darkness, for the coming of night meant the radiance of the heavens that we of other climes never know. There, to be sure, was our own North Star, but unfamiliar away down near the horizon, with the Dipper terribly askew, and the False Cross away up in the sky and—at last we saw it—the true Cross, the Southern Cross of our dreams! “Just a bloomin' bad-made kite,” the captain commented as he pointed it out, and we couldn't help being a little disappointed. This the theme of poets; only this? Later we grew to look for those stars with sentiment and affection. Before we parted from it the fascination of the

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Cross was understandable, but at first we felt that we had been cheated.

But this was no place for repining; it was all too surpassingly lovely, too wonderful in the deep stillness, with never a sail, never another visitant of the sea near us, only ourselves and the wail of the birds and the *clappotment* of the waters. So night would come on the Pacific and peace would come in our hearts.

CHAPTER VI

THE WEST COAST TOWNS TO CALLAO

AT home people had laughed at our fears and preparations for the west coast. On the west coast no one laughed. Indeed, jokes about life and death are not well received where there is danger in the air one breathes, in each breeze from the jungle, in every mouthful, every mosquito! Yellow fever! Bubonic! Small-pox! All are waiting to trap the unwary. In every port ships are flying the yellow signal, "Keep off!" One listens nervously to the talk: "Poor fellow! The plague took him the other day on his way home with his pile. Yes, so they said. She had just come out with the kiddies to join him—fever did for them all, eh?" As for *el bubonico*, "about one in every ten down with it along the coast." Death is a common happening, no one thinks much about it, no one worries. Life is held lightly, but it is not a subject for jest.

At Guayaquil we were in the heart of the region

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of fear. "Look out for Guayaquil," they had said who knew—away up in safe New York. "Look out for Guayaquil," they had warned us, more seriously, in Panama, adding advice and caution. "Look out for Guayaquil," urged the captain of the *Huallaga*, with a few expressive expletives about the worst fever port of the universe. We had to stop there for freight. It is the principal port of Ecuador, and Ecuador exports things that the world needs and has to have. So the Ecuadorian powers argue, "Why go to the expense and bother of cleaning up until we have to? Ships must stop at Guayaquil now. When they won't—well then!" This is the land of *mañana!*

The third day out found us at the mouth of the Guayas River, but the captain was considerate. He would stay there, as it was dusk, until dawn; then steam up to Guayaquil. Why suffer needlessly in the dark?

When we went to bed Martina soaked bits of absorbent cotton in citronella and stuck them everywhere about our cabin, besides tucking me up with extra care under the mosquito netting, and I awoke from a dream of being buried alive with the earth pressing down on me and horror

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everywhere! I struggled to get free. Oh, for a breath of air! I sprang from under the canopy. That I wouldn't and couldn't endure a moment longer, nor the sickening smell of citronella. I rushed for the door.

"Go slow!" called Orange-Blossom from his bunk. "It's pretty tough, but we might as well keep cool and take it easy."

I subsided. The window was shut and screened, but it offered some solace and I could look out of it. This, the Guayas—this the river of dread! Indeed, it suggested pictures of Doré's "Inferno" with its sluggish tide that carried such strange burdens up and down on the muddy water. Nothing seemed to get very far. The current turns too often and back comes everything helter skelter with it—islands loosed from the banks away up stream; some with animals feeding on their strange vegetation; some made into a kind of groundwork for rafts where the natives live rent-free; some with evil-smelling things, carcasses of cows and horses left there to rot—all go up and down the waveless Guayas River!

The banks were a jungle. Later the captain said that he had seen two lions come to the wa-

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ter's edge to drink and crocodiles stretching themselves on logs near shore. I missed the thrill of beholding these sights, but I caught glimpses of huts on the river's border, out of which wild-looking men, with small pretense at clothing, glared at us from under their tangle of hair, and I believed all and any tales that he chose to tell.

The heat, like the Panama heat, made us steam and smother. Every little while rain fell in a straight downpour, but the blazing sunlight afterwards was worse. Our thermometer registered ninety-two degrees at seven o'clock that morning in the dark and comparative coolness of our cabin.

It was a strange world, but into it Orange-Blossom went cheerfully attired in appropriate garments and high boots and gloves—citronella-scented throughout. He put his head in at my window to give me hope. "The breeze is from the water; we won't get smells out of the town or mosquitoes"—and, promptly at that second, a mosquito lighted on his cheek and left the poison there. "It's only one in ten, they say, that does the business," he remarked philosophically killing the wretched creature. I don't know how he felt about it—I didn't think it tactful to question



The Guayas River carries strange burdens up and down its muddy current.



Taking in our oil fuel at Lobitos.

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—but the horror of that mosquito haunted all my waking and sleeping hours for the time of uncertainty—three days—until I knew that he hadn't been the tenth one.

We anchored off Guayaquil and lay until evening about half a mile from the fever-ridden town —“about as near hell as we ever want to get,” as Orange-Blossom suggested several times during the long day. We didn't dare sit down for much time as we were less easy prey for the mosquitoes standing and walking. We couldn't amuse ourselves with the natives who, in spite of being threatened and sworn at, would crowd their dug-outs about the ship trying to induce us to buy their tobacco and *dulces* and post-cards. It was forbidden even to hold any conversation with them or notice anyone from the pest-hole. No one was allowed to come on board and, as the captain said, any one who went ashore would have to stay there. All that we had to do to pass the hours—it seemed as if they never would pass—was to watch with eyes and glass for Chimborazo. They said that we could sometimes catch a view of that giant peak of the Andes from here—one hundred

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and twenty miles away—up there eighteen thousand feet above the sea. But we didn't.

There was some excitement when one of our passengers, a little Ecuadorian lady of the second cabin, took her departure from the steamer. "Why do you go?" we questioned. "Must you land in this plague-place?" "Poor Guayaquil!" she shook her dark head in answer. "It is an unhappy town. My mother and two brothers went here with the fever, and my father long ago. When the last died and I was left alone I went away."

"And you come back again?" Our wonder grew.

"It's my home," she spoke wearily; "it *called!* It's happier to die in one's home than to live, lonely, among strangers, and one's time comes when it is destined."

With pity we watched her go, starting for the shore in the small, not too clean boat, that had been sent to take her. The mist and vapor that hung over the town soon hid her, just after she had waved a gentle good-bye. It was not a gay leave-taking.

About sunset we weighed anchor. Everyone on

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board looked played out; even the captain's face showed a new line or two. A day at Guayaquil leaves its mark.

Going down the Guayas was as strange as going up. Twilight glimmer sharpened the intense, poisonous green of the velvety patches of growth on the outskirts of the town before the jungle began. Lean cattle were being driven home from pasture by dusky natives, who rode wiry little horses, all going languidly and the dank mist swallowing them before they were out of sight. Any huts or houses with the least pretension to livableness were built high on ten-foot piles, away from the snaky, mosquito-covered ground. Over all was vaporous, unwholesome gloom. We didn't dare draw a long breath until we were well out at sea, and then we couldn't, as "fumigation" was ordered and presently all of us were choking and coughing with the sulphur fumes. But we didn't rebel; after Guayaquil take no risks!

The next morning I was rudely awakened. Crash! Bang! Had the end of all things come? "Oh!" called out Orange-Blossom, "it's the electric fan; it tumbled down. We were idiots not to

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fasten it firm—or someone was—but whoever would think of this mill-pond as an ocean!” An ocean with a sensation painfully familiar, indeed. We had been caught in the long swell as we lay at anchor taking in oil from a flexible pipe that had been run to us from a “mole” on shore. I looked out to find myself in a new world. We had arrived during the night at the beginning of the rainless lands, and oil had lately been “struck” on this sandy beach. A hundred oil wells and a little settlement stood out boldly against a barren bluff with never a shade or a shrub in sight, nor within a hundred miles.

On deck we found an English official of some kind, who told us that almost all the workers at Lobitos were Anglo-Saxon emigrants—the undertaking was financed by an English company—and I had an inspiration. I gathered our magazines and most of the light literature that I had brought—why waste time reading during those heavenly days on the Pacific?—and coaxing Martina for some of our stores I carried them to him and told him to take them ashore for the workers of the place. He was pathetically pleased and appreciative. “Books,” he murmured, “and I haven’t

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seen a civilized newspaper for a month. And how the kiddies will love these!" He handled the packages of farina and chocolate with tenderness. It appeared that few ships stopped at Lobitos; we came there because we needed fuel; and the inhabitants had little intercourse with the outside world.

When I thought of the babies I wanted to cry—little girls and boys with nature-loving English blood running in their veins, growing up without ever seeing a flower or a tree. Here was a place to establish a green-growing charity!

Of course, the flexible pipe broke. Oil was wasted, hours consumed, but that's the way things go on the west coast. When at last we were off it was high time. We should have reached Paita, our next stop, long ago. We oiled and steamed with all our might to get there before dark and before all the port officers should have gone to bed in order to land the Scotch party, to my joy. Martina's *affaire* was hardly conducive to the most faithful service, and I felt so painfully intrusive. Every time that I sought my cabin I was sure to interrupt a camp-chair *tête-à-tête*, but all would end at Paita; and Orange-Blossom had

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urged, "Give her a chance. She'll never have such a good time again and it's only for a few days anyway." So I had held my peace—till Paita.

We gathered at the rail when the gangway was lowered. It was not too late, it seemed, for the health officer to come aboard, but there was a hitch somewhere. A babel of voices and medley of tongues arose. The English officers on the ship spoke loudly; the Latin officials from the small boats used forcible language with their mouths and hands and heads and every bit of them. What was it all about? At last we managed to find out—and we were very glad of the lessons in Spanish that we had taken over toast and tea with a teacher in the rush before we left home, for it helped now.

No, there was not a revolution afoot—only another fumigation. The port doctor was not content that our first had been thorough enough. The engine room must be done. Rats are apt to lurk under the engines; rats carried bubonic; they must be smoked out. No fires that night, no electric light, no unloading at this first Peruvian port, and general discomfort for all on board.

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Peru was obdurate. No one could land at Paita, anyway, under any circumstances. We had come too lately from Panama, from Guayaquil. And now, indeed, did I have my own especial grievance—the *affaire* Martina must go on and Heaven knows what might happen before we reached Callao. I felt almost as irate with those smug Latin officers as the captain who was thwarted in making record time, or the crew who would be ordered out for extra work and have no place to sleep, or the cook who was loudly lamenting that he had set all his bread to rise and that the whole batch would be spoiled. Anglo-Saxon and Peruvian were in conflict of opinion. It looked as if trouble was brewing. Persuasion was of no avail. We might plead that we were a brand new ship with no possibility of rats anywhere. We might have fumigated according to all the most approved, modern methods—*no importa*. The engine room must be done, argument against argument, and if, perchance, a knife had flashed, a pistol been raised, what would not have happened? But British submission to law saved the day. It was obviously silly to comply. It was unfair to all on board, but it

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was the *law* and it went. "Go ahead," ordered the captain sulkily. Peru held the field.

Sadly Orange-Blossom and I gathered a few wraps and tucked ourselves away where it seemed that the sulphur would have the least chance at us. The engineer suggested the probability of an explosion. The steward warned us that sleep was dangerous, we were likely to suffocate from the sulphur fumes without knowing it. The captain had murmured something suggestive about sailors that might mutiny. Altogether it was not a very happy night and an added sting was Martina's simper of consciousness when she told me that we were all quarantined till Callao and that no one could leave the ship anywhere until then. Tire-some old maid! I wanted to slap her, but I bottled up my wrath, although I felt that it was almost ready to explode. One of these fine days when the thermometer was below eighty I would surprise Martina!

Morning brought compensation. It would, indeed, have been a pity to have sailed without seeing the daylight on Paita—little many-colored, baked Paita nestling against the brown, dry hills, with its queer pink spires and blue houses and

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turning, twisting, going-up-and-down-hill streets—it was very picturesque in the dancing morning sunlight. Some other ships were anchored near and boats were busily moving in and out between them. Merry, olive-skinned faces laughed up at us. This was different from Guayaquil, from Lobitos. Here was life enjoying itself. Here were real people—the people of Peru, of Pizarro's country, the land of romance!

I had been told to get Panama hats in Paita—why are they called “Panama” when none are made on the Isthmus and few sold?—and I was erudite in their history. I knew how the finest are made under water with moonlight as the proper illumination for the work. I knew just how many rings should be in the crown, and all about the quality and texture. Here was my opportunity. I had been preparing for Paita ever since we started. Should I now forego my opportunity just because we were in quarantine and we could not go ashore and no one could come on board? No! I would circumvent circumstances, for I had set my heart on carrying home to several masculines dear to my heart these tributes of my affection. I looked around for help and I couldn't find any.

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We would be off presently, just as soon as the freight was loaded, and there was not much more to do. The ring that I heard in the captain's voice as he shouted commands did not invite interruption. Orange-Blossom, having braved the fumes of our cabin, was shaving, with the temper of a caged hyena, and Martina's aid I would not seek at any sacrifice. That silly smile still lingered in the background of her features. There was no time to lose, no time for dressing and a bath, either, so I donned kimono and a big wrap and hood and sallied forth for conquest. I felt certain that some of those little boats about the ship contained my longed-for hats. I signaled to one of them. The first officer hurried up expostulating. "Oh, let me," I begged; "I won't give them any fever, and I must have some hats." He was tender-hearted and, after all, there was no law against putting panamas on the end of long poles and handing them up to me. The rowboats gathered fast and furious. I was a creature of quarantine, but sixty *pesos* was sixty *pesos* and money could be disinfected. Conversation waxed heated between pole top and pole end. Up came hats and down went hats. No, I would not be so terribly

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“done”; they could take them all back. I would never buy one if I had to give that ridiculous price! “But, Señora! *no caro, muy fino! fino!*” At the top of the pole I gestured and signed and my small stock of Spanish came into fine play. A dozen vendors at the other end gesticulated, shouted, shouldered one another out of the way. Everyone on board gathered to the rail to hear and applaud. What did I care? I knew that I was safe from Orange-Blossom’s withering sarcasm for that razor would keep him busy for a quarter of an hour more, and I was enjoying hugely as a side-play Martina’s discomfiture. Dear knows what tales she had been pouring into the ears of her young man about her employer’s wealth and elegance. Her sullen attitude added piquancy to my bargaining. “Fifty *pesos!* No, no; I will give you twenty-five.” Groans from below; grief inexpressible at my lack of understanding. For that beautiful hat! Señora has not seen the quality; she has mistaken it for another. Look once again! I was obdurate. The kind officer hinted that the anchor was about to be hauled. Nevertheless I turned away. “No, no!” And then I compromised. I would give

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twenty-five *pesos* apiece for six of the same kind. A critical moment! Would they yield? They did. Quick! Quick! And the six were in my arms as, slowly, we began to move. I met Orange-Blossom exultingly; I crowned him with one of my trophies. He couldn't help looking pleased, admiring and amazed at my bargains, and congratulated me, for everyone else sailed away from Paita—hatless.

Salaverry, Eten, Pascasmayo—each were steps in the golden, sunlit ladder of our happy descent into the underworld of South America. We stopped at some town each day. We could never go ashore, quarantined as we were, but we could spend lazy hours at the ship-rail watching from our anchoring in open roadstead the ways of this dreamy, languid, never-to-be-hurried, coast-town life. There was everywhere the same slow-rolling green water about us, the same dry, stupendously dry, shore with the great foot-hills of the Andes in front—bare, barren, shouldering up one behind another to the incredible peaks beyond our sight.

There was always the same nonchalant way of work from shore. We would blow our siren, in fruitless hopes of rousing quick response. Splash



"Swift, young *Huallaga*."



Going at the rate of half a mile an hour.

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would go the anchor and then we would wait, rocking slowly in the long roll and dozing in the warm sunshine until the port people chose to notice us. They took their own good time.

By and by out would come the stalwart surf-boats with four or six trim sailors at the oars bringing the doctor, the agent and all the other officials, perfectly correct and very important and serious. There was much ceremony in the giving and taking of papers; etiquette obtains with formal exactness on the west coast. Up the gangway they would start; with due courtesy our captain welcomed them, and there was a grand exchange of compliments, greetings and bows. Under his breath he might mutter, "Bloomin' beggars!"—all this was so unnecessarily delaying—but they never guessed it. And we would whisper, "It's a comic opera!" Even the oarsmen of the surf boats wore broad-brimmed straw hats as they do in "Pinafore."

There it was all complete—scenery, leading parts and chorus! What could be a better chorus than the jabbering, gaily-bedecked passengers that arrived in boatloads presently, after their officers, to board this wonderful new possession of theirs,

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this Peruvian greyhound of the Pacific? And while the passengers gathered on deck and ransacked the ship we would watch the *lanchas* unload—those queer lighters of these waters, thirty tons in weight, manned by rowers with oars thirty feet long, that went at the rapid rate of half a mile an hour and never hurried. On these all the freight would come, on these be taken off, and we would hang breathlessly over the hatches waiting to see if there were any boxes or bundles that spoke of home and familiar places. Among the bales of rice, cocoa and corn, of cattle slung in with a band under their bellies, of noisy-hoofed horses, and all the strange cargo of the west coast, perhaps there would be a case of canned tomatoes marked “U. S. A.,” some boxes of tinned beef from Chicago, millinery from Paris—and the “homey” names warmed our hearts and brought a catch to our throats.

There was excitement enough at the hatches, but that was nothing to the excitement at the gangway when time came for the *Huallaga* to set sail. With everyone who had come to go, a dozen had come to see him off—all his own and his aunt's and his sister's cousins and aunts and the

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babies on both sides of several families, and the *equipaje*, including much household furniture and, invariably, a bed.

At one of these embarkings disaster overtook us. The hatches were about to be shut when in the distance a boat was discerned. In excitement it was pointed out, and “*hombre, hombre,*” shouted from every quarter. Expostulations from those in command of the hatches, shouts and curses on the rowers and passenger. Frantically flew the oars and soon return compliments were heard from the boats alongside filled with people although, as usual, it appeared that only one of them was to go with us. His friends hung on him in spite of threats and the hands that would deter them from coming on deck. “Surely they might see the ship for just one little minute, while the luggage was being hauled up,” and squirming and wiggling somehow they accomplished their purpose and were on board presently—babies and all. Good, nautical English came from above, where the captain was standing, and ropes were hurriedly thrown over the rail for the *equipaje*, which was brought aboard in mad haste. Last to be taken was the bed—iron frame, bulky mattress, pillows,

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comforter—all tied together in a stiff, unyielding bundle. Up it went, so far, and then, woe unspeakable, the rope broke and down tumbled everything to the bottom of the sea.

From the throat of every aunt and cousin and every one of their offspring arose piercing shrieks. Sympathizing passengers added their condolences. “*No importa,*” roared the captain. “We’ve got to be hoff. Send ’em away and get hoff!”—with a few expressive adjectives thrown in. But the party had disappeared to seek consolation at the bar and drown their sorrow. Then the usual scurry began. Babies were thrown headfirst to those in the waiting boat. On the gangway kisses and sobs drowned the babies’ cries. “*Cama, cama,*” moaned the traveler between his tears; efforts to comfort him filled the air. “Probably the company will make good,” someone suggested. Joyful thought! He screamed it over the rail. From below arose the sound of clapping hands. “Of course they would,” and cheers broke on the air for the Company. Down, down went the little rowboat into the trough of the Pacific roll. Up again it came and was off, but, wait! Someone has been forgotten; he wanted

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to finish his drink. Wails from the sea, strong language from on board. The delinquent is shoved, pushed, hustled down the gangway. Trying to expostulate with words and arms he falls headlong into the boat at just the exact second that it rises on the roll—an instant earlier, an instant later, and he would have gone, with the bed, to the bottom of the Pacific. The sounds of the chorus are still heard as we steam off, hands are seen waving and then all grows still—the curtain falls!

After we had made a few stops the *Huallaga* gained passengers. We wondered what it would be like to go on a popular ship, for we were learning that people were wary about venturing with us. The dress on board had assumed amazing elegance. Apparently Peruvian women travel in their best—imagination fails to picture what they keep in reserve. Wonderful effects were to be seen. A much rice-powdered dame of uncertain age and decided *embonpoint* dragged along the not too clean decks a silk Mother Hubbard with a mantilla of priceless lace over her shoulders. Shirt waists were in vogue, but a kind of muslin breakfast jacket, worn with trailing skirts, was

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more popular, and jewels were sparkling on everybody. A gay Señora addicted to a brilliant red petticoat and pea-green breakfast jacket had diamonds, strings of them, glistening on her bare brown neck and on her fingers were rings to the knuckles, but, Oh, the nails!

Every woman seemed to have at least two infants, and the poor little mites were rigged out, too, in ribbons and bibbons amazing. An entire family occupied, as a rule, one cabin, which was kept hermetically sealed from air and light. There was an attendant for one proud household who stretched herself, day and night, outside the family cabin door, when not in service. I suppose it is against the rule in Peru for servants to sit; I called Martina's attention to it. When we arrived at Callao this lowly dependent sported over the scant attire that composed her outer dress a bright yellow sash, and white canvas shoes but no stockings. No doubt such grandeur made up for everything.

CHAPTER VII

CALLAO AND LIMA

ON the ninth day after leaving La Boca we swung into Callao Harbor. I had begun to realize that the Pacific could be unkind just as we sighted San Lorenzo, that island of blue lavender shades and lights which hoisted itself and a believing and deserving fisherman, boat and all, out of the water when all the land about sank under in a great earthquake. The legend doesn't tell what the fisherman was saved for, but he seems to have been made a saint for it and the mass of rocks which helps to make Callao Harbor named for him.

I wasn't reflecting on San Lorenzo nor paying much attention to the captain, who was pouring out his soul, between his excursions up and down the bridge, in a dramatic recital of "Why she wouldn't 'ave me." He had become confidential in our hour of parting. I was struggling bravely against it, but I had been feeling queer for some

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time and I was feeling queerer every moment. It had been blowing a good deal all the night; it was breezing up more and my limit of endurance had come, even with the prospect of the doctor about to make his rounds of final inspection before letting us land.

“Good Heavens! You can’t be ill now,” said our friend of the New York Athletic Club, who was promenading the deck with Orange-Blossom when I summoned him to my aid. “No matter what it is, if they think you may be the littlest bit of a suspect, they’ll put you on an old hulk in the harbor and you might rot there for a month.”

“Hell!” burst out the captain awakening rudely from the reminiscent dream of his life’s romance. “If you pipe ’ere, it’s all hup with us. You can’t do it, you know.”

Orange-Blossom rose grandly to the occasion. “Nonsense,” he asserted; “nothing at all is the matter with her but this bobby sea and the greasy rice she ate for *almuerzo*. She will be all right if she lies down an hour.” He guided me to my cabin consoling. “We’ll be in smooth waters presently,” and I took heart. It was some solace, anyway, to have to summon Martina from her

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parting *tendresse* with her young man. She was frightened enough in the general scare of illness to give me close attention. I was very miserable, but it didn't last long.

Orange-Blossom was right. The waves fell as we neared the harbor, and I began to revive after a nasty quarter of an hour. I was able to face the doctor, sitting up in the ladies' saloon supported by a masculine on either side, although one of them did keep suggesting, "Can't you *rouge* or do something to make you look better?" The other, who really knew how, helped much more by emphasizing the fact that "Here we will get the cables from home." I was passed; the day was saved. Now I could give way to my feelings unrestrained if I wanted to—but I didn't; there was too much to see outside to spend any more time in a cabin.

Callao Harbor was very beautiful that bright February morning, with the hazy Cordilleras in the background, the little town of Callao in front and the river Rimac making a gleaming ribbon of light as it ran down the valley to the sea from Lima, six or eight miles back in the hills. The rocks and sand banks that formed the harbor

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showed strange metal lights and golden gleams and birds were everywhere calling plaintively over the green-blue waters.

At anchor we found ourselves in real life again. This was the end of our dreaming, drowsing cruise along the upper west coast. Here was a world wide-awake and busy; big ships, steamers, freighters, men-of-war lay about; gasoline launches hurried to and fro; rowboats, a hundred and more, gathered around us as we dropped anchor, the *fleteros* begged hire, their dark faces glowing up at us as we looked down at them over the rail. "You see them here in all their glory," said our Fourth, "and you'll learn to know them well before you get to Valparaiso. They're a powerful lot—these *fleteros* of the west coast—as anyone soon learns who risks their enmity. They have a mighty well-organized and well-run labor union of their own, and the captain or commander who thinks he can make them conform to his ideas about going on his boat or leaving it or getting his passengers has a bad guess coming to him. They are right in it with all the authorities of the ports and the authorities are a bit scared of them, too."

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Later we realized how true his words were. Then it looked as if it was just a grand scramble among the *fleteros* to get anywhere and get anybody they could. Such a fuss as they made in their little bobbing boats, jamming one another, pushing, crowding in and out near the gangway and shouting and gesticulating madly! After our days of noiseless sailing it was pandemonium.

We watched the disembarkings from our ship with interest and some anxiety. Into one small boat would be put luggage enough, it would seem, to sink it—beds, bird-cages and bananas on top of all. But it was not the whole—the passengers must get in, too, somehow. The final step from the gangway into the boat was critical; a false move meant a soaking, but nobody cared. The trailing skirt became only a bit more the worse for wear; wet shoes and stockings did not give colds in this climate, and it was all in the day's doings. Jokes and laughter followed every misadventure as a matter of course; gay badinage was exchanged between passenger and *fletero*. Nobody ever "got mad."

I looked down at the boats. I looked at our piles of boxes and bundles and bags on deck and I

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moaned, "How can I trust my precious possessions to be lowered over the rail and go away down to the jumpy water by just that little cord? Must I? Is it the only way?" Behold! there appeared, as if Heaven-sent, an answer to my call.

The day before Orange-Blossom had discovered that he hadn't enough small cash to get us through all the emergencies of landing and the customs-house—Orange-Blossom belongs to the class of "temperaments" and is not always over-practical. The captain suggested that he should communicate by wireless with a Peruvian man-of-war that was lying in Callao Harbor. He did and ours was the honor of sending the first commercial wireless received in Callao, probably in Peru. The newspapers noted the fact and the message did the trick, thanks to the commander of the man-of-war who sent it ashore and, with true Peruvian courtesy, would accept nothing but our gratitude for all the trouble that he and his men took for us.

The communication went to W. R. Grace and Company. They came to our rescue then and ever afterwards. At all our landings and embarkings on the west coast, through their agents and rep-

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representatives, they made everything easy by shifting to their competent shoulders all our burdens and solving all our problems. The traveler who, in these days, goes to the west coast on business intent with no time to spare will appreciate what such help means. Our first realization of it came home at the moment of our anxiety on the *Hualaga* when we found at our side, about to introduce himself, the company's agent, English-speaking, business-like and reassuring. The shadow of our fears lifted. He acknowledged that, unquestionably, it looked as if everything must go wrong; it was so all over South America. But, really, things were pretty certain of coming out all right. The system which had worked for generations worked still, and in the end we and our luggage would "get there." We must have faith. He had boat and boatmen ready for us, and I watched my precious Innovations go over the rail and swing in mid-air with one slender rope between them and the bottom of Callao Harbor, trying to be calm. Ever afterwards I kept his saying in mind—it is well to believe in traveling in South America that in the end everything *will*

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come out all right, for to think otherwise—well, that way madness lies!

“No, not good-bye,” we said to the captain, “for you are coming to dine with us before you sail,” and we did not have to say good-bye to our Fourth either, for we would see him in Lima, but good-bye to the crew, those kind, cheery Anglo-Saxons who had brought us so happily and safely over the strange waters, and good-bye to the sweet stewardess who, in her dainty attire, looked even less at home here than at Panama. Good-bye to the frightened little captain’s boy so pitifully “far-away” now, and good-bye to our fleet, young *Huallaga* and our time of story-book life on her in the wonderworld of color and peace on the gentle, rolling Pacific. We closed this chapter with a sigh. Would we ever again know such days—such golden records of illumination and peace and rest? *Quien sabe?*

It was our turn now to go down the gangway and wait for the swell to bring the little boat to our feet before we jumped. Then we waved our parting salute to the ship and all on board and we were off to our first landing in the other America.

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As it turned out we were never to see the good ship *Huallaga* again. For when we reached New York months later we heard the story. Shortly after our voyage she was making a return trip to Panama from Callao when the engineer discovered fire in the oil-soaked compartments that corresponded to the stoke hole. He hurried on deck to tell the captain, who at once ordered the ship turned toward the shore. The engineer hurried again to the engine rooms only to find that no one could get back there to shut off the engines, and the terror-stricken passengers and crew found themselves imprisoned on a burning oil ship going at twenty knots an hour, which no human power could stop. It seems that the crazed commander did finally run her ashore on the rocks, but the sea took its toll, and only a little over half the human souls on board escaped. The others were either burned to death or drowned.

So ended our graceful *Huallaga*.

Hailing from New York and coming from many experiences of the agreeable and kindly way our beneficent government has of levying its revenue from its citizens when they return from foreign

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lands we thought that there was little for us to learn about customs-houses and duties, but at Callao we found something new. It seemed that water was a questionable article to bring into Peru. We might have had diamonds and pearls, laces from Italy and hats from Paris and less fuss would have been made over them, I believe, than over our cases of Poland. Poor old Poland didn't know itself. Officials came and shook their heads over it and turned the boxes upside down and over and over—there were our sixty odd gallons staring up at them. Only water, plain water! They were suspicious and skeptical. To have brought it all in with us would have meant ruin, so we took only what we felt we would need—leaving the rest in bond at Callao—and the duty on that, with the cost of its transportation to Lima, was appalling. Champagne wouldn't have been much more. How we hoarded that water. Poland at twenty-five cents a drink acquires merit, indeed. We treated it with respect; we went thirsty and we refrained from using it for cleaning our teeth as had been our prudent habit. But one must draw the line somewhere, even for health, and when each toothbrush of water costs

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five cents it seemed to us that we ought to draw it.

Little attention was paid to the rest of our stores. Our kit was considerably reduced by this time, but it had served its purpose and we had no regrets at all for having brought so much. At Lobitos we had been rejoiced that we had enough to spare, and the day we landed at Callao we were still more glad. The *Huallaga's* engineer, who had become one of Orange-Blossom's fast friends due to their mutual interest in the oil-fed machinery, sought us just before we were leaving the ship. He had told us before of having sent his wife and little family to Callao from England so that he would be in touch with them on his trips up and down the coast. Bad news had come to him from shore; one of his babies was very ill and it was hard to get the proper nourishment for her. "Would we, could we," he stammered, "let him have some of our malted milk?" He knew that it would be fresh and pure and it might save the little one's life. Here was compensation, indeed, for having been over-prudent in our preparations.

The customs accomplished, we boarded a trolley to go to Lima—the quickest and best way of get-

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ting there; it was a come-down to Martina. Gloom had enveloped her ever since our landing and to find herself in an ordinary car such as she might have taken on Third Avenue at home was a blow. No doubt she had expected a golden chariot awaiting our arrival. Life had already shown her such amazing new experiences. Why not? This was disappointing, and her attitude toward everybody and the world in general became adamant. I tried to conceal from her supercilious observation my own feelings. I was having delicious little thrills of enthusiasm every moment, and I didn't want them dampened. What if we were in a conveyance that had probably been manufactured in Rochester, New York? It was in Peru now; so were we; this was Peru trying to move with the times, but all the same Peru just as I had pictured it. Here were the women wearing the *mantos* I had read about and they wore them just as gracefully. The soft, black, veiling, shawl head-covering made the veriest old hag attractive—hiding her hard lines and framing her sharpness very gently. The young women were all lovely, Madonna-like and good to look at. No other

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headgear that I had ever seen lent such charm and grace.

Soldiers would get into the car at every stop, laughing, chattering merrily with everyone, but never boisterous or rough, and, though their uniforms might be dusty and dingy, they carried them, in spite of their small size, with an air. I wondered why all the men I saw seemed so small. Later I realized that, according to our notions of height, all the Peruvian men are undersized. The soldiers were no exception. In one corner of the car was curled up a little, brown-legged, barefooted girl, making a picture with her basket of unfamiliar fruits and vegetables in her lap; and the priest, who presently mounted the trolley, was a picture, too, in his noticeable attire, as he bowed benignly on us all. Indeed, the trolley was a conveyance of romance and we were in the land of beauty as we came from the town into uplands. The dusty, yellow light of rainless Peru mellowed every outline and the mountains in the distance took on strange gleaming shimmers in the afternoon glow.

We left the trolley at Lima to take a carriage, and now came our first experience with the driver

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of South America of the west coast. It was not a happy initiation. "No, no," we cried, "we don't want to go fast." He was urging his poor bony horses to greater exertion every second with curses and blows. We tried in vain to stop him. No use; he shrugged his shoulders, desisted for a moment and renewed his attack with all the greater violence afterwards. We realized our impotency for there were the police looking on and not saying a word. What could we do? Nothing! And we never could do anything anywhere. Inhumanity to their horses seems born in every hack-driver of the coast. One small protest amounted to so little, and we felt that probably the horses suffered all the more later for it. We felt helpless and sick at heart over and over again. Will a reform ever be started—a humane society stop it?

And then we came into Lima's heart, on to the Plaza, in the full glow of the setting sun in the joy of its beauty. The cathedral pointing its two towers into the brilliant sky was touched with lovely tawny yellows and browns. The little square was gay with its park of palms and blooms where tinkling waters fell from the fountains. The

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people were all outdoors, filling the place with movement and the sound of gentle laughter and soft speech. Here was romance. Here was old Peru, the land of Pizarro! After our days on the waste of silent waters it was wonderful. From under the arcades came echoes of music and song; from the balconies overhead the people hung, calling down greetings to those below. It was a happy picture, gay and alluring. "I love it," I whispered softly to Orange-Blossom so that Martina could not hear, "I love it; did you ever see anything so exquisite?" And Orange-Blossom made answer—the barbarian—"I wonder how soon I can get a bath and something to eat?"

To a luxury-loving, modern-plumbing-demanding, good-food-seeking American from the North a Lima hotel might leave much to be desired, and though he spluttered and splurged with pocket-book extended—even letters to persons of importance—and grew generally bumptious nobody would much care. "If Señor didn't find what pleased him here, perhaps it would be wise for him to try elsewhere." With courtesy it would be hinted; with courtesy would he be bowed out.

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“*Adios*” respectfully would be waved and the door shut upon him quietly but firmly.

To the gentle people of Lima with the blood of old Spain in their veins, the traditions of past greatness always moving their hearts, never quite believing that even now they are not the true aristocracy of the world, what has an *Americano del Norte* to offer that tempts? Money? Pff! That, no doubt, a *Chileno* would sell his soul for, but not here does it pave all ways—here where Pizarro planted the flower of the old world. If the stranger does not like what he finds here, let him go to Chile, but if he stays he must take, and take gracefully, what is good enough for those of the *Ciudad de los Reys*.

Of course, Martina turned up her nose just as high as it would go when we were shown into our apartment at the Maury. I couldn't in my heart blame her. The big *sala* had immensely high walls covered with mirrors and there were brilliant red-velvet-covered sofas and chairs everywhere, and ormolu and ornaments galore, but never a window opening anywhere but on the inner court of the hotel, with people passing by on the marble pavement every second. “But what Señor or

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Señora of quality would inhabit a room with an opening on the street where the garish light of day could enter?" The bedrooms, too, opened on the court. Away up somewhere out of sight in the roof of the rooms was a skylight where an infinitesimal amount of light and air could be admitted at a pinch, but in the bathroom the high window was on the court, too. No fresh air, no sunshine anywhere—such was our suite! To be sure, there was adjoining a roof for the *criada*, with a window and balcony, good enough for a servant. It took me just two seconds to make up my mind that Martina should lodge elsewhere. I tried to save the situation in the eyes of the proprietor by saying that I needed it for my dressing-room, and I didn't demur when all the luggage was dumped into it. I knew what a joy that window and balcony would be to me. From there I could watch Lima even if, for my reputation, I had to do it from behind closed blinds.

Orange-Blossom seized on the bathroom and was content. What did he care if the tub was an imposing, ponderous affair, marble, thick and cold? It might have been a trophy from a Roman emperor's furnishings, but it was our own and a

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luxury in these parts. Later we learned how much of a luxury, as we were never able to draw at any time water for more than two consecutive minutes and never water hot. Cold and slow it would come and run encouragingly and then stop short and we would wait and wait for the next spurt, but we got used to it and Martina would see that Orange-Blossom, anyway, had his requirement if it took her all day to draw it. Never mind! In New York and in Salt Lake City one can get porcelain tubs and circulating hot-water pipes—in Lima there are other things.

At the finish of our first meal at the Maury we were wiser in some ways. It was the brother of the proprietor, or someone of equal importance, who directed our menu. What we found excellent was a magnified kind of shrimp, better than any home lobster, and papas-amarilis, a nowhere-else-to-be-had delicious kind of yellow potato, a cross between our good Irish "pratie"—like it in shape and size—and a yam, and in taste like a glorified sort of Italian chestnut. Once tasted it will never be forgotten. There were delicious native beans and coffee, made *expresso* for us, clear and excellent. There was plenty to eat besides, but we did

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not care for the soups and meats and we did not need them.

In my apartment I found Martina prostrate before the trunks—weeping! “There’s a vermint in dis place,” she moaned, “and I dink he vas in my room!”

“Oh, yes; fleas!” answered I cheerfully. “Lima is famous for them; you’ll get used to it.” But Martina continued to weep.

My pent-up wrath threatened to come out with a bang; my awe of Martina was giving place to a very intimate feeling. I could meet her on common human ground at last and here was my chance. I tried to go slow, but I did justice to the subject. My text was the male and I ended with a thrust: “You were a goose, Martina—a woman of your age!”

“I’m not a vomans of age,” wailed Martina; “and you vas a cruel lady. Ven mens spick nice to me I must spick nice to hims; I must spick to someones; I vas lonely.”

Having had my say, my feelings relieved, I softened. Poor Martina! After all here she was going to the bottom of the world; of course, she had been lonely. In another moment probably I would

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have begged her pardon, but at that second a voice came from the door—Orange-Blossom and Orange-Blossom in person: “Don’t you do it; don’t you speak to any man of them, Martina. They’ll cheat you; they’ll rob you; they’ll kill you. There’s not one of ’em you can trust. Wait to get a beau until you are in some kind of civilization, and, if you must make friends, get a woman.”

He had seen my expression and he felt this was the time to “give it strong,” and “she’ll not forget it from me, either,” he muttered to himself as he told me later.

At any rate it had the effect of subduing her for the time being. She kept on sniffing, but it was in a low key different from her former ostentatious overflow of emotion. I was sorry for her. I didn’t want to weaken the effect of my lord and master’s arguments, so I couldn’t say anything, but I went down on my knees; to the casual observer I was only helping her to unpack, but she understood.

Our first night in Lima did not make for repose. The bells of the nearby cathedral tolled the hours, the half hours, the quarters; slowly they tolled with long waits between and it seemed as

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if there was no time when they were not tolling—those deep-toned Duomo bells. Martina's "vermint" were with us, but we did not let ourselves get disturbed and in the morning when I pulled up my shutters the soft warmth of the air which knows no rain greeted me with caressing touch, while the yellow, dusty sunlight flooded the room. Outside, I saw the burros carrying their burdens sleepily as they passed up and down the narrow street. From a window opposite, out of a bright blue façade, an olive-cheeked señorita smiled good-morning. I felt that this world was much worth while—sleep or no sleep—and that to be the wife of a publisher with notions that take him into strange places had its compensations.

"You'll have to take Martina and go it on your own," were Orange-Blossom's parting words, with an addenda of "Get a guide, go anywhere you like, but *don't* get sick." It was our first morning in Lima, but what were Pizarro's bones or Inca's silvers in comparison with securing a "new idea" for his world of books and letters?

So Martina and I sallied forth to do Lima. We had tacitly made it up and were very good friends and in my complacent mood I felt I could even

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bear with her comments and criticisms. But there were awkward moments, as when she pronounced Pizarro's relics, so reverently shown us by their custodian in their resting-place in the old cathedral, "nasty dings"; the gentle, little man telling earnestly the story of the last fight of the dauntless spirit, of his murder there on the stones before the church, showing how he had made the sign of the Cross as he fell, telling it with bowed head and hushed voice, looked up amazed; I hastened to make excuse, "*Señorita no comprendo,*" and I stepped in front of her to hide from him the faces she was making. Oh, Martina!

We wandered through other churches, through the excellent museum. We saw the Inca collections and we did Lima, Martina and I, in a way that I felt showed intelligence. With the knowledge that I had acquired I would be able to write home guide-booky accounts of it all—nobody would be particularly interested but, anyway, they would prove that I had not neglected my opportunities; and from now on I could enjoy Lima in my own way—I did.

Perhaps I offended the proprieties, but I knew people would argue that I was from America of

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the North, so I could wander off alone in the early morning before the sun was high enough to cause the "fever" of the midday hours. I made a pretense of shopping so that I could walk in the *portales* and watch the life of the plaza and of the happy people who were never in a hurry, who sauntered and talked there, threading their ways among the arches, crossing the old pavements, resting a moment under the palms by the fountain always in the shadow of the mellow-blown and yellow cathedral with its deep bell sounding every little while, telling them, Lima's children, to remember, always remember, that life is passing swiftly. The church has watched so many of them come and go; opportunity must not be wasted; time goes on; the minutes vanish.

And in the afternoon, late, when the golden light would wane and business could no longer call, when Orange-Blossom would come, tired by the heat, nerve-strained by the new problems to be solved, bringing with him into my little balconied retreat a whiff of the new world, another world, indeed, begging, "Let's go somewhere, do something," we would hire a carriage and try to absorb the driver's attention by our questions and

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comments—anything to divert him from the abuse of his animals. We listened attentively while he would proudly point out the old market-place where strange wares hung from the stalls, and the sweet, restful cemetery with the shadow of the high mountains overhanging it. We would drive through streets so narrow that it was hard to pass another vehicle. We would stop at old houses, the palaces of past times, with their wonderful, over-hanging balconies made of rare woods sent from other climes and carved by hands long laid to rest. We would look into inner courts opening to the heavens, where were great stairways with carved rails and posts, and formidable doors guarding the entrance, spiked and carved, some flanked with big cannon, showing what had been necessary in other days when invaders would knock defiantly demanding entrance and asylum.

These homes of Lima's past nobles might now be business houses. Shops might show on either side of the great doors, but what of it? There they stood, the hall-marks of the grandeur of the city of old Peru; and yet, at every turn, young, modern, progressive Lima greets you. It, too, has its turn. There was the race-course, the

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“Hipodromo” gay and sporty, for up-to-date was Lima in its season. We were there in the off-time, but what was left of social Lima drove up and down the “Avenida” in the parade of all Spanish countries. The occupants of the carriages stared openly; they had come to stare. Slowly they went up and down, passing each time, at the end of the drive, the tall column with the sad, beautiful Bolognesi statue on top, the pathetic figure wrapped in his country’s flag, which speaks of tragedy, of defeat, not in old times but yesterday, the hero of the war with Chile only thirty years ago.

When the sunlight had died and the coolness came which threatened danger out of doors, Orange-Blossom and I would seek shelter and tea in one of the restaurants that opened on the Plaza. Here we would see English people—so much of commercial Peru is controlled by them—waited on by dark, gliding attendants, gentle-voiced girls who looked strange in their attempts at the conventional attire of the British Isle, but always eager to please, urging their tea and weak attempt at toast.

One evening we discovered a place where we had been told there was good music to be heard—

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there is always music everywhere in Lima. A little door gave entrance. There was no enticing glare of lights or posters. It was a simple place with bare wood-top tables for the "people"—the elect of Lima do not eat in public places. Possibly some of the women had doubtful reputations; they did not parade their calling; their escorts were respectful. There was no loud laughter, no over-drinking, no excess. Two men at the table next to us in their working clothes were indulging each in a modest glass of beer—their portion for the evening. There was a family on the other side—the South American mother and father take the *niños* when they go out to enjoy themselves—all play together. It was pretty! The Madonna mother exchanging with her spouse proud glances at every gesture, every whisper from the small people. For no one else had they eyes, but they were silent. All had come to listen. In the middle of the room was a round platform. The railing which inclosed it was decorated with paper flowers, brilliant and cheap, but it did not jar, and though the members of the little orchestra wore rather worn attire one did not smile. There was nothing striking or in bad taste even in the solo-

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ists in their décolleté gowns—their brilliant reds and yellows and purples. All was decorous, all good, astonishingly good when it cost only ten cents to come in and sit through the evening over one glass of beer. Bits from the operas were sung—“Pagliacci” was the favorite and there were few “catchy” airs. Serious music, a good deal of it, and listened to in silence and appreciation. We believed that the “Peruvians are born with the love of music in their souls.”

Coming out from the little restaurant under the spell of its quiet rest, it was strange to find just around the corner in the corridor of our hotel the group who were always there, changing in order, perhaps, but not much in number. Near the big open entrance around the table were the players. In the early morning, through all the long day and at midnight, cards fell, dice were thrown, glasses clinked. Some game was always on—and the cathedral bell always tolling just outside—it did not go in my picture of Lima. I was glad to think that probably the men who sat there were from England, the States—driftwood from other lands and not at home here. No doubt they had spent months wearily toiling up on the heights among

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the snow-peaks struggling for breath as they worked in the rocks. If now they were enjoying the fruits of their labors in their own way, perhaps, it didn't matter to anyone. Their "pile" was their own to spend as they chose.

CHAPTER VIII

A DINNER PARTY AND A PERUVIAN NOBLE

ONE night in Lima we gave a dinner party. Our guests were the captain, the Fourth, and a gentleman from Brownsville, Indiana, in whom Orange-Blossom thought that he had discovered an idea. The captain dressed for the occasion. In the ship's uniform, whatever its condition, he had been a part of the picture-world of the west coast. Under the electric lights of the dining *sala* of the Maury, large-checked as to attire, brilliant-hued as to necktie, whiskers aggressive, shifting eyes, lack of front teeth, all conspicuous, the romance paled. I resented carrying away this memory.

Our Fourth was wonderfully at ease, elegant of mien, patronizing of manner. "The crabs were decent enough, but insipid without the sauce that only Bustanoby could concoct; and think of the butter of the Café de Paris! Lord, this stuff!" Orange-Blossom and I bowed to his familiarity with the cuisines of the world, and the captain

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may have been impressed, but Mr. Samuel Beecher, from Brownsville, Indiana, remarked with unconcern, "Maybe you're right, but th' Broadway and Child's restaurant for mine."

The moment that I heard Mr. Samuel Beecher, of Brownsville, Indiana, say in greeting, "I'm pleased to meet you," I knew that Lima did not exist. There was no Old World, no South America, no dream-life. It was simply a state of mind. The States alone were—no, only the Middle West was with a Mr. Samuel Beecher to express it. He was energy personified, activity indefatigable, every bit of him from the top of his bald head, down his lanky length of limb, to the dusty boots which had never known trees. He had been sent here by our government at the request of the government of Peru, a carefully chosen representative who was eagerly received. Modern Peru is alive to the needs of her sons for engineering. Mr. Samuel Beecher, of Brownsville, Indiana, was here to teach them in certain lines, practical and progressive, and he will do it. Neither government has made any mistake. He told me all this in illuminating utterances in the first five minutes of our acquaintance with no undue exhibition of

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modesty, and he went on to explain that "it was the darn'dest proposition for a feller to buck up against for 'sassiety' that you ever saw," and a chap must have "sassiety," you know.

We all listened to him; the captain because he was intent upon the business of the moment—he was eating large mouthfuls noisily and drinking in great gulps; our Fourth because he had, perhaps, a fellow-feeling and wanted to hear someone else express it, and Orange-Blossom, alert to seize on a passing inspiration toward the making of books.

"But, those charming little Señoritas," I exclaimed. "I get just glimpses of them in passing, but it's enough to show that they have attractions."

"They're the limit!" Mr. Samuel Beecher emphasized. "A feller's up against it every minute with 'em in this dinky old burg. This is the figure," he grew expressive. "Here I am—me—I'm all right; I wouldn't touch one with a ten-foot pole, only when one longs for something in petticoats to jolly and a feller comes along who's a bit more civilized than some of the other dagos—perhaps he's been to old Cornell—and says, 'Come up

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and call,' I toddle. A bid's a thing to appreciate when you're a thousand miles from Michigan Avenue. Well, I get in. I'm looked over as if I was an apple-faced mutt, but I'm passed by Pa, Ma, the whole blamed outfit; all turn out to see little Samuel, and out they trot the girls. I'm not left alone with them then. Oh, no! Everybody sits close; they're all on to their job. I wiggle on the edge of my chair and Lolita, and Carminicita and Pepita sit on the edge of theirs. Ma's a good dumpy old soul and she giggles every time any of 'em open their mouths, but Pa—he watches. I remark, 'Fine day,' and that's rot because it always is a fine day here. Lolita answers, '*Si*, did I come from *Nueva York*?' I say, 'No, old Indiana's good enough for me.' 'Eh!' Ma breaks in, 'Indigina in Aoostraliga?' 'No,' I scream, 'try again,' but they switch the talk. 'Will I stay long?' 'Not if little Samuel can get the grub somewhere else as easily,' I want to say, but I make a compliment, and cast a glad eye on Lolita and that's about as far as I get. I have to wipe the dew from my forehead to keep things going anyway, and you wouldn't call that exactly *anteem*, now would you? But, sure as shooting, Pa comes around after a

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day or two and asks me my intentions. No, sir-ee, no Lolita and Rosetta for mine. Give me a breezy one from Indiana and I'll give you the whole blamed lot over here."

I noticed ominous symptoms in the captain's eye. The inner man being somewhat appeased and the champagne doing its work, speech broke forth, "Ye carn't do hit; that's no hargument, sir. How can ye give them hall? They wouldn't go, sir; hit's all bloomin' nonsense!"

Hastily I broke in. I urged more food and drink on our commander with my most ingratiating smile. I endeavored to drown the loud laugh of Mr. Samuel Beecher, and I exclaimed: "I want advice from you each and all about taking the Oroya trip." Orange-Blossom and I were, in fact, considering whether we could steal the time from work to mount to the top of the world by that wonder railroad, the marvel feat of the adventurous Meiggs, true son of Uncle Sam, the last word of all engineering and its most daring expression. Should we risk our hearts and the loss of days up those fifteen thousand, six hundred and odd feet above the sea? My demand roused general interest.

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Our Fourth was preparing for a similar flight and to go even higher. He viewed the matter from a personal point of view. "Go if you don't have to! It's unrighteous foolishness I think! A poor devil like myself can't choose and look at me—I've been a dozen times and here I am scared blue over it yet. I've given up rum, coffee, tobacco, to prepare, but no one can ever tell, and it's the devil's own job anyway. When I went up last I took half a dozen men with me. Two gave out half way up to the rocks, and one jumped the switch altogether. He went like a candle blown out, just as quick. How could I know that a boy of twenty-two who'd won a record at college athletics had a tricky heart? It was his own fault; he kept it up pretty well before he started—but I was blamed, and a deuce of a row I had with his people. He was one of your gilt-edge ones, fresh from his mining-engineering courses and he'd come to have a look over in the diggings and see what kind of a job he would choose. There was a girl somewhere in the story, too. It's all nip and tuck; try it if you like, but I say what's the use?"

Mr. Samuel Beecher added advice and a descrip-

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tion of the trip, which even in his vernacular was soul-stirring. It is the tale of how one mounts out of the warm, gentle haze of Lima into the heights, going so straight up, so quickly that it is like climbing the face of a precipice. There are switchbacks and bridges with dizzying drops of five thousand feet under them and one soon gets among the brown rocks out of the growth and away from the Rimac and its fertile valley.

Up, up goes the road, the train stopping, once in a while, to let one get breath at a town where the atmosphere is rare and dazzling, but up steadily and quickly until Oroya is reached, and there, if one has been able to stand the strain, one will say, between gasps and strange new sensations and heart threatenings, "It is worth while."

We wanted mightily to go, Orange-Blossom and I, and take the risk, but we had "come for business." We felt we couldn't be away from work so long, and I tried to think that Orange-Blossom's heart might cause trouble. He had felt it in his football days—yes, we would forego Oroya. Our guests applauded our decision and the captain put in his oar with the tale of a capricious female who had "hinsisted upon the bloomin' thing" and

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come to grief. All was harmony when I rose to say good-bye and leave them to their cigars. The captain's farewell was characteristic: "We'll take 'im with us again on the *Huallaga*,"—he intimated Orange-Blossom by a thumb pointed backward—"but when we see you comin' I'll give orders to 'ave the gangway pulled." One of his subtle forms of flirtation had been extravagant criticism of womankind in general, and when his remarks verged on personalities near home they had emphasized my attractions. I recognized the workings of his mind and said good-bye with regret. The chances are against ever meeting him again. As for our Fourth he is sure to turn up; it may be in a narrow by-way of life, should he be down in his luck, but it is just as likely that one of these fine days he will be pointed out to me as a magnate "worth millions"—one of the got-rich-quick ones—who can tell?

All too soon our stay at Lima came to an end, but the day before we left was one to put down in the golden list. This is how it happened. Someone we liked very much in New York had given us a letter to someone in Lima and we pre-

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sented it because we knew it would be to someone worth while. The result justified our confidence. The beginning was a noon breakfast at Lima's smart club, which boasted a dining-room where women could be entertained, and all things most modern from the mural paintings by a celebrated French artist to the last copy of *Country Life* on the library table.

In a sandalwood-scented room we were received by our host and there partook of cocktails which might have just been poured from the shaker of the Knickerbocker bar. In a cool, high-walled dining-room, decorated with gay blooms, with the tinkle of water dripping from a fountain in the court outside to soothe our ears, we ate a repast admirably ordered and admirably cooked, with strange iced fruits to begin and end. The quiet attendants seemed to enjoy our enthusiasm as much as our entertainer; they urged us so prettily to partake, and we did copiously—we had not enjoyed such eating for weeks.

It was still early afternoon when we left this up-to-date bit of Lima and went into the glimmering street to go to the abode of our host—the show house of Lima. The vendors of picture-postals

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will urge on you a print of the palace, proudly telling you to send that home to show "what we still have in the *Ciudad de los Reys*." Through the spiked, massive doors we walked, past the cannon guarding the entrance, into the *patio* blazing in sunshine, opening to the sky with galleries whose wonderful carved railings showed grandly against the light. We mounted the stairway, wide and low, age and the past shadowing us, to the *sala* of state. Here we were, indeed, in old Peru, an old Peru of magnificence. The great apartment had been little changed since its woodwork, brought from a distant port in ships which flew Spain's flag, had been carved by skilled hands imported especially for the work into the beauty which the years had mellowed. The balconies opening from the room over the street were dark and wonderful in their decorations and furnishings. All spoke of the past: the rugs on the floors, the hangings with the embroidered coats-of-arms, the furniture—one the gift of an emperor long dead, another a bit of loot that had braved a sea voyage when pirates haunted the waters. Ornaments, mirrors, all told of the glory of the family, and the paintings and portraits by artists not hard to guess—



The home of a gentleman of Peru.



Iquique's three trees—a triumph of the
rainless coast.

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one does not make mistakes about a Murillo or Velasquez—but better than all was the head of the family, who came to greet us, walking slowly down the length of the room. He was worthy of his setting.

Orange-Blossom had an audience for that afternoon with Peru's president. Presently I was left alone with the master of the house—Orange-Blossom said that he would be gone only a few minutes. I waited two hours until his return, but they were hours good to hold in memory's storehouse.

My host did not speak English easily. We met on common ground in French. He apologized for not having my language at his tongue's end; he had not felt the need for himself, but for his sons it was different. "In my day," he explained, "it was not as now; then one had one's own tongue for one's family and familiars; English was for commerce, it was the language of affairs of business, but French was all that was needed for social life; French was the language of the Court, the language of style." If never before, I was grateful for passing fluency in "the language of style" on the afternoon that Señor de Zavallos showed

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me hospitality—this afternoon with a gentleman of Peru!

As with most of the people of Lima of gentle birth he had spent much of his life in Paris, and Paris had given him of her color and spirit, but, back of all education, was the inheritance of generations and generations of noble Peruvians, the strain of the Flower of Spain mingled with the dignity and gentleness of the Inca blood. He told me of the Inca blood, a legend which was a family affair of some four centuries back that had threatened the De Zavallos honor!

A direct ancestor of those four centuries ago was apparently a young gentleman of adventurous spirit and ardent heart, one of Pizarro's companions in the quest of conquest. He had chosen an Inca princess to take back to Spain as his bride in defiance to all laws of alliance, or those of birth. There was consternation, the menace of a blot on the escutcheon of the De Zavallos whose sons had never known shame! Would the pure Castilian stock be forced to take lower rank? There was a time of stress and storm in the De Zavallos household of those centuries back. "But," said the De Zavallos of to-day, resting his long, high-bred fin-

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ger on the family tree traced on parchment, illuminated with wonderful scrolls and emblems, "see, you will discover what happened. Read." And I, deciphering as best I could from the old manuscript as he helped me, holding reverently the archives with their velvet bindings and gold clasps, read the special dispensation of the ruler of Spain to the De Zavallos. There was a letter by the will of His Majesty, the Emperor. His faithful servant who had so valiantly given of his wealth and manhood for the crown should be awarded the right to acknowledge his Inca princess as a princess in Spain, ranking as she ranked in her own land in old Cusco. At the will of the crown no smudge should blot the De Zavallos honor; her sons should bear the name and carry on the house, and it was signed "*Yó, el rey*" in scrawling, unformed letters. So were signed grants of land, noble possessions in the New World given to the De Zavallos. "*Yó, el rey*" was at the bottom of many treasured documents that we pored over that afternoon in the long, majestic *sala*. I felt horribly new and raw from my world of yesterday; my boasted *Mayflower* progenitors appeared very work-a-day folk in the reflection

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of the De Zavallos heraldry and the traditions which the charming old gentleman unfolded to me. How he loved it all! How deep in his heart was the reverence for the past; how living the memory of his forebears! With lingering touch, reluctantly he finally closed the volumes and put them in their abiding place, a mother-of-pearl cabinet, and turned the key. "Ah, madame, you will think me a very foolish old man with my records. They count for little to-day. To-day is a time of action, not of looking back as we of Peru are too fond of doing. It is your people, now, who are the conquerors, the masters of the world. I kiss your hand to your conquest!"

He spoke gracefully, awakening from his dream-world to realize the presence of a stranger of a different understanding, perhaps. He put me at ease, placing my claims above his own. As he spoke, this gentleman of over eighty years, a picture flashed to my mind of some of our princes of finance, the "rulers of to-day," slipshod of speech, a mixture of brag and bashfulness and American humor, and contrasted him, this rare old gentleman who bowed his knee to us. Modern America has given the world much—the telephone, the trol-

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ley, electricity and all the rest—but it will be a long time before modern America produces anything as exquisite as this De Zavallos; the generations of blue blood, the culture of the long line of gentle ancestors speak.

Late in the afternoon, after we had partaken of a *refresco* made of pineapple juice, particularly delicate and delicious, we drove to some of the suburbs. Here live many of the English who so largely control the commercial interests of Peru. The little villages were charming. So were their names; Miraflores—“look flowers!”—does it not please at once? The English are happy in Lima. Well may they be. To one who has been there the place must always linger in one’s mind as a pot-pourri of impressions tender and rare.

CHAPTER IX

THE *ORITA* AND THE END OF THE WEST COAST VOYAGE FOR US

VERY different from our fleet, young *Huallaga*, was the staunch steamer we boarded at Callao to take us to Valparaiso, an eight days' trip if all went well. A good, well-tried ship, the *Orita*, and British every bit of her ten thousand tons! No nonsense about her or her commander, Captain Hayes, who had been in the service for many years and had all sorts of honors to his credit.

He had taken ships through the tricky Straits of Magellan more times than he could count, and every wave and wind and rock of the way he knew like his alphabet. At our first sight of him we felt a comfortable thrill of confidence and when, not long afterwards, he came, holding out his weather-beaten old hand, to welcome us, the Yankees, to his domain, the confidence grew.

I suppose because it was our first experience of a real, tropical steamer the looks of the *Orita*

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pleased us mightily—the wide, white decks, with their cool awnings, the general appearance of friendliness in crew and passengers, the bigness and room—grateful to us after the *Prinz* and the little *Huallaga*—the orderly stewards, English and respectful, the dainty stewardesses, English and respectable—all made us feel so secure and at home.

Of course, Martina had grievances. One was, “What coffee! it is no goot,” and another was the lady-missionary who shared her cabin.

“They tell me she is wonderful; the steward knows her very well,” I reassured. “She works and teaches away up in the cold, barren places of Bolivia and she came from a pretty little town near London to do it. She must be a saint!”

Martina sniffed. The soulful side of the uplift work did not appeal to her.

“She snorts ven she sleps and ven she doesn’t slep she prays; I don’t like her.”

No doubt the lady-missionary was insipid after the former friendships of her travels, but what luck! Now Martina could not have the excuse of loneliness for any irregularities.

The steamer was fairly full. There were “trip-

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pers" who would be left at ports all the way down to Magellan; there were many voyaging through the Straits up to Buenos Aires and places on the east coast, and there were some, people of importance, English settlers of the west coast, who were "going home" for a holiday or for business—a sea-trip of six weeks which did not seem to upset them in the least—on one side of the world or the other, the English are never at fault about knowing how to travel.

In the cabin adjoining ours was a family of father, mother and three babies, the oldest could scarcely toddle alone. Everything happened in that cabin. All the family took all their meals there; much of the family laundry work was done there, and there was a great deal of social entertaining as acquaintances germinated and grew during the days of travel. The young father would occasionally appear in the morning hours with Carmincita on one arm and José held by one hand, but the mother was never visible until afternoon. Then she would burst upon us arrayed in muslin and chiffon, a rose in her hair and much powder on her face, with a smile and a dimple for every-

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one and showing such a desire to please in every kink and curl of her that no one could resist.

It must have taken a long time to have attained such a result, and, though Martina hinted that it was wise not to look too closely under the paint and powder, with all else that she had to do and those three babies, it was marvelous!

We sat at the captain's table, by the doctor of the ship. After our fragmentary life on the *Hualaga* the *Orita's* well-ordered routine seemed very business-like. At night the Englishmen at the table wore evening clothes and the English women "dressed"—is there any place or any condition under which they wouldn't dress? Orange-Blossom and I didn't. The doctor looked at us with suspicion because we didn't. Probably he thought that we were only feigning respectability, and I shouldn't wonder if the captain's feelings were a bit hurt, but, while Orange-Blossom and I usually do our best to reflect credit on our nation, during that eight days' trip in the bottom of the world we couldn't and wouldn't dress up. Neither would we play bridge or sit in a corner by ourselves, tucking ourselves ostensibly away from the Latins and Germans on board as if their approach threat-

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ened pollution. Life just then was too wonderful with new marvels to look at and new ideas to ruminate on, to bother about what people thought, and we didn't want to be aloof and "respectable" anyway, according to the standard of the mighty on the ship. Perhaps the captain felt that anything from a Yankee was to be accepted with amusement, not seriously; but the doctor distinctly frowned on our attitude. Poor youth! Fate had not been over-kind to him. Like so many of his profession who are on the sea, ill-health had driven him there. "Two years ago they said I was about done for. I could make a try for it in this kind of thing, but I had to quit work at home, and with the prospect of something very good there, too. It was the left lung that went bad, but they say I'm pretty fit now. No, I'm not in love with the job, but it's the best I can do. The grub is fair, I like the water and the 'old man' is a corker!—and there you are!"

It certainly was not a bad job. His line was beyond the worst fever ports where danger is always threatening. He had plenty of opportunity for bridge and deck-billiards and for a flirtation every trip with one of the sweet English girls who

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were always "going home" or "coming out," but John Bull pulled at his heart strings. He wanted desperately to live a conventional English existence in a conventional English town and go to the regular service every Sunday in the regular church and see the regular people and think regular thoughts. It's a pity! There are so many who would like to exchange with him.

The Navigator, the name that the captain dubbed Orange-Blossom, whose charts and nautical fixings had taken his fancy, The Navigator and I enjoyed certain favors during the voyage. Sometimes the captain would take us up on the bridge and let us watch him direct the swinging of the steamer out of port; sometimes, in his cabin, he would show us the log of many voyages and tell us stories of the trips, of shipwrecks which had brought him glory, adventures thrilling and full of force and fire, but oftener he talked of the hopes and fears of days in happy England, for he was a true son of the British Isle, a bit of a snob, too, with a wholesome intolerance of other nations and peoples. He was by all odds the most popular captain of the coast and always the father of all on board, but let an officer or passenger pre-

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sume on undue familiarity, a joke too coarse, an action not *en règle*, and he would get a surprise. He would not forget a second time.

All the way along we sailed in warmth and sunshine. All the way along the coast was a glory of color and brilliancy, the sea a rolling opalescence, the sky dazzling blue. On shore there was never a growing green thing; it was dry, overwhelmingly dry, always, with the great hills rising right from the gleaming water, showing sometimes strange flinty peaks, sometimes metallic lusters, strata of volcanic rock, but oftener rounding and continuous, rounding like huge, prehistoric creatures, mastodons, caught and held in eternal slumber, frozen into sand and stone, covered by the drab dust of the ages, the mantle of solemnity and infinity.

All day there was dazzling, dizzying light. At eve, there were the sunsets—a succession of wonders, where color rioted with color in cloud and sky and sea, and at night came soft illuminating peace over all. Those others who were “civilized” might seek the smoking-room, the bridge tables and the lounge—not we. Orange-Blossom and I walked in the radiance of the heavens, never

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getting tired, never getting quite used to their magnificence. "I'm blessed if the old Cross up there doesn't grow on you," Orange-Blossom remarked one night, giving expression to what we had both been thinking for some time. "You can kind of understand how those old fellows felt about it when they came home and talked 'Southern Cross' after their trips to the Chinchi Islands and all over the place, can't you?"

I sentimentalized, "Yes, as much of Heaven is visible as we have eyes to see; perhaps we're learning for the first time how to look."

"Maybe we're learning how to get loony, too," said Orange-Blossom lighting a cigarette.

"You'll let us land everywhere," we had begged the captain. "There is no quarantine here, so we can get off at each port." He promised, and we waited with impatience as we steamed past Pisco, under the gaunt cliffs, past Chala, past all the small places where other ships stop and land lucky people who have time to stay and investigate. Mollendo was our first port—Mollendo, the last port in Peru and a port for Bolivia, for Arequipa, Lake Titicaca, La Paz—those wonder places high

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up in the coldness of the Bolivian heights. Our thoughts and desires mounted to them; we longed to land and partake of the joys they had to offer but, again, this was a trip for "business."

"I say, you're not thinking of going ashore at Mollendo just to see the place," scoffed the doctor when he heard us discussing it the day before. "That's because you're from the States. No one lands at Mollendo who doesn't have to. It's an awful bore landing there; no wharf, and you go in a nasty little boat tumbling through the entrance in the rocks with the surf dashing in and out right over your head every time. I'll bet a quid you'll get a good dousing if you don't get drowned altogether."

We knew that his description pictured the truth and in spite of having argued it all out to ourselves that as everyone and almost everything that went into Bolivia by sea or came from it had to come by Mollendo, why not we? Possibly we should have hesitated when it came to the point, but it never came.

It seemed that the powers who sit in confab at the other end of the globe, wise gentlemen, controllers of the company's funds and privileges,



Well organized and powerful corporations are the *fleteros* of the west coast.



Mollendo—passengers coming aboard.

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had decided that the *fleteros* of the west coast, hereabouts, should no longer be allowed to board the company's steamers. These gentlemen had heard that *fleteros* defied ordinary rules of conduct occasionally and were difficult to bring to justice. Their law was "right is might" and what is not found out is right. Sometimes they stole cushions from the deck chairs, sometimes valuables out of the cabins if nobody was looking and, always, they were annoying to the decorous British traveler. So the mandate had gone forth to the commanders of the company's steamers, "Keep the *fleteros* off"—so easy to say, sitting in easy chairs in Liverpool or London. But long before steamers rode these seas, before smoke was ever seen on the horizon, *fleteros* were and had their rights, and these are inviolable. They know it, the ships' commanders know it, but a ship's commander, an English ship's commander, must obey orders from the authorities at home. So our captain issued the order, "Keep the *fleteros* off." At Mollendo, for the first time, it was to be enforced.

The quartermaster stood at the foot of the gangway, which had been thrown over the side.

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The *fleteros* in their little boats hurried up, vociferous, eager to get on board and compete for their fares and baggage as was the wont of *fleteros* for generations back. "No," said the quartermaster; "No," roared the captain from the deck above, "*No permito.*" "*Si, si,*" shouted the *fleteros*, "*permite, permite!*" Dark faces flashed with indignation, with amazement, not understanding. Animals deprived of their lawful prey are apt to grow fierce.

The captain of the port from his vantage ground on the deck shrugged his Latin shoulders. Let the *gringos* try their power, he would have none of it, he would not interfere. Probably his life would have not been worth many *centavos* if he had attempted to use his authority.

The quartermaster stood firm. He spoke good, nautical Anglo-Saxon, but his words were drowned in the uproar that arose. The *fleteros* swarmed over the gangway, underneath, everywhere—dark, almost naked, creatures of wave and wind. One of them grabbed a boathook; the quartermaster was struck. Unprotected, bleeding, shielding himself as best he could with his arms, but never flinching, he looked up for orders. Our

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commander was there. Our commander swore a few good British oaths, as a good captain should, and then did the nobler deed—gave in. A move more and there might have been anarchy; perhaps an international episode would have been the eventual result and, certainly, at the moment, consternation and possible danger for all on board. It was not easy for our captain, stalwart old son of the sea, to give in. He didn't relish it, but he retired. The *fleteros* came on board, children in their moods and impulses, all smiles and bows now. We blessed our commander—of such stuff are big men made—but it was not a propitious moment to approach him with a petition to go ashore. So Orange-Blossom and I didn't visit Mollendo.

The next morning we were in Chile. Peru was a land of our past. We were in the country of the nitrates, that scraping of the rocks and soil which, so easily, brings such great wealth to Chile's coffers. The captain told us about the *oficinas* back from the coast, where on the uplands the precious fertilizer is being made ready everywhere to be shipped to all the nations of the world. We began to see sails; there was smoke in the dis-

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tance; things were getting busy, and Peru was behind—Peru whose source of wealth had been taken from her by these astute *Chilenos*—we remembered the sad Bolognesi statue in Lima.

Past the port of Arica we went, past pretty little Pisagua nestling under its cliff of gleaming lights and shades, and then we came to Iquique, where in open roadstead, as always, we blew our whistle to say that we had dropped anchor. There was no waiting here. In Chile all is for business. Everyone is alert for valuable time—the *Chilenos* have been called the Yankees of South America. They were ready for us, and Orange-Blossom and I were ready to go ashore.

Orange-Blossom, camera over one shoulder, clad in cool garments, with dark glasses, looked very “touristy.” He was impatient to be off, and the *fleteros* were ready—there had been no question here of allowing them aboard. “Wait a second,” said my liege lord; “I must make a bargain, of course.” Knowing his genius for bargaining, I waited and watched. “How much should I give the fellows?” he questioned the first steward he saw. In tones not to be overheard, the steward named the amount. We were “rich Yankees”—

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why not?—and Orange-Blossom is a child in innocence at times. A *fletero* approached. “How much?” asked Orange-Blossom, explaining in his best Spanish about taking us ashore and bringing us back.

“Twenty *pesos*.”

Orange-Blossom was outraged, turned his back, spoke loudly in not such careful Spanish; the boatman was full of explanations, gestures and smiles and the steward watched. Orange-Blossom was adamant—had he not just been told what is legitimate? After five minutes of heated parley on all sides, Orange-Blossom, triumphant, announced to me, “At last I have him down at rock-bottom—just what the steward said is fair!” We descended the gangway. Orange-Blossom was happy—so was the boatman, with twice the amount of the usual fare secured; so was the steward with his rightful percentage in sight. So was Martina. She could now relax from the perpetual scalloping of towels outside of my cabin door, where she had been sitting alone and sullen during the voyage, giving me to understand that her only pleasure left in life was the thought that the lady-missionary was not al-

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lowed to come on the first-cabin deck, and she was.

The process of getting ashore does not lack excitement. If it were not for the intense fear every second of being capsized, which submerges every other sensation, it might be sea-sicky as well. The Pacific swell comes in long green-yellow rollers; the boatman is most casual about them; there is a sinking in one's heart greater and more awful than the one in one's stomach as down, down into the trough of the sea goes the boat, the waves looming overhead, huge, overpowering. The boat seems very frail and the shore very far away but at last we arrive; after a leap on some kind of slippery step we are on land.

Iquique, the greatest nitrate port of the world, was very hot and plain and unattractive the February day that we beheld it. It looked like the barrenest and dreariest of our prairie border towns as much as it looked like anything. We took a barouche and we did the place in an hour. The driver spent most of the time in telling about the great strike of a few years before. "All dead, dead, dead"; he made circles with his arms and smacked his lips in enjoyment of the tale, while Orange-Blossom explained the sad story of the

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rising and quick defeat by the troops of the insurgents. In the midst of it the driver shouted, "*Pero mire!*" His voice had changed into joyous exultation as he pointed out the one or two poor miserable apologies for trees. Pathetic sight and pathetic people to have to live by such for their green and growing joy, guarding them as treasures, watering them with water that costs five cents for a gallon or two! There was a plaza and a monument and streets with mountains rising like gaunt guardians at the ends. Dust-covered houses clustered forlornly together here and there—and that was all. From here is most of Chile's wealth exported, and back from here in the pampas live real people, not like those poncho-clad individuals riding their tough, little ponies that we met everywhere, but people belonging to the big world, men and women of its interests and of its education—and never a drop of rain from one year's end to another!

They tell an amusing story of this dry land. It seems that a Londoner found himself stranded in Iquique once short of cash early in the morning, and while waiting for the banks to open he wandered about taking in the sights. Wherever he

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went people turned round to look at him and burst into smiles—even laughter. The solemn Londoner became very much disturbed, and when he finally got into a bank and had drawn some money on his letter-of-credit, he looked through the pigeon hole at the paying teller and said:

“I say, I don’t speak their lingo here. Would you mind having a look at me to see if there is anything wrong about me or my clothes?”

Out came the head through the pigeon hole and he was “looked over.” Then the paying teller began to smile, too.

“You see,” said he, “you are carrying an umbrella and your trousers are turned up. And—and it hasn’t rained here in a hundred and fifty-eight years!”

On board we had noticed with pleasure a wholesome pink and white English damsel traveling with her most proper family and maid and all the accessories. That morning there had come to the *Orita* from Iquique a youth to see her, English, too, and good to look at, with the clear eyes and clean-cut features that Anglo-Saxon blood makes. “He came from the *oficina*,” the captain gossiped about them after dinner that night; “she’s going

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to London to buy her trousseau now, and when she comes back in six months they'll be married and then she'll go there to live, too."

"For how long?" questioned I, eager for information.

"Oh, maybe for all her life; she doesn't know, and an English woman doesn't ask those questions, either, Madame United States; she takes what's offered."

I thought of Iquique; I thought of the green English country to which she was going, and she was to return here for "maybe all her life." How she must love him!

At Antofagasta, where we anchored the next day, we went ashore again. We had passed other towns, nitrate ports all; Tocopilla looked the most livable, but all were pretty much alike, and so was Antofagasta. Before we started the captain called us to meet a fellow-countryman who had come on board to breakfast with him; we all sat down together. Mr. Morrison was from Cleveland originally, I believe. He was a Yale graduate of the class of Taft. He was delighted to welcome people from home, and in a few, short sentences, abrupt and to the point, he told his story.

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“Wandered everywhere, did a bit of everything, made good at nothing; stranded here about fifteen years ago with about ten dollars in my pocket. Make about forty thousand a year now. That’s going some, ain’t it?”

“He’s the grand mogul of it all,” annotated the captain. “He has the best house in the town, and horses and motors, and he controls the whole output of stevedores, besides a lot else.”

“How did you do it?” Orange-Blossom questioned.

“Look, that’s one way,” and he pointed to the great brown cliffs in front of us, where letters fifty feet high, chalked white—here there is no rain to wash them out—spelled the name of a commodity he advertised. “Whoever passes this way, and a good many do, will see that and remember it, too, you bet!”

“That’s right; ask him his methods,” prodded the captain. “His name is a byword for success and energy all the way up and down the coast. Just find out why.”

“And what would I be, sitting at home—doing some no-good job at twenty dollars per, probably. No, sir-e-e. Here I stay and here I advise every-

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one to come who wants the mun. I've imported my brother; I'm setting up my whole family, and I'm bringing up my own little family here, too."

"So you imported a wife," I applauded.

"Not on your tin-type," Mr. Morrison graphically assured me; "I've got one all right, but I didn't take her from the States. I've got no use for the kind that comes from there. Suppose I had brought one. She'd have stayed a month, perhaps, without kicking up a row if I had luck, then she'd have begun to fret, want to go back and see ma. When I began, it would have taken all my earnings to have sent her, and besides I needed someone right here to look after me. Even if I could have sent her home once in a while, she'd never have stayed content here; she'd be sure to sulk, and have nervous prostration. I know 'em. I took a good, healthy, *Chileno* woman, and she suits me all right if she is fat. My kids are all right, too—none of your New York misses and Lord Fauntleroy's in my diggings!"

The story of our trip to Antofagasta was the story of Iquique. There seemed to be an English club where, a nice English boy who sat at our table told us, you could get "ripping cocktails."

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We didn't find it. We found wide streets, red with the metallic earth, sidewalks rough-hewn from the baked soil, scattering houses and a dilapidated horse-car with a woman conductor—all the conductors on the street cars in Chile, I learned, are women—who seemed to fit the place. Her dirty sailor hat was slipping off her tumbled gray hair; her black attire, terribly the worse for dust and wear, dragged drearily up and down the car; she was part of the picture-past, the general uncared-for look of things. There was a plaza, struggling to be something, and the grand mountains overshadowing the blue, blue sea, but we felt that Mr. Morrison had been wise to choose a *Chileno* bride who was used to it. The forty thousand a year might be compensation to him, but—

There were other little ports along the way, but at two more only did we touch—Guayacan and Coquimbo. We awoke one morning to find ourselves in the prettiest sort of a wee harbor, one of the few on the west coast, where we were, at last, beyond the rainless land. Here it rained two or three times a year, but there was a suggestion of green things. "Let's get off early and see if we can find a blade of grass to kiss," I begged

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Orange-Blossom and he agreed. The English boy went with us. Anything more emphatically English than he was never walked down Piccadilly or came out of Harrow or Eton, yet he was born and bred in Concepcion, Chile, and had never been a thousand miles away from it. Truly the English are a great people!

We three scrambled out of the rowboat that took us ashore on to rocks at the insecure landing of Guayacan. We discovered a big copper smelter and a house or two going up hill, and a hovel a little better than the others, where our friend stopped to make a call.

“Harry’s father sent him down here a year ago to look after some of his interests,” he told us. “Last Spring he went home and married. They live here. She came from somewhere in Devon. I say! it’s a rum go for her, isn’t it? Always lived with her pater and mater and the kiddies in their own park, you know. But she’s a bully sort; she doesn’t mind!”

Oh, woman, woman! Here was another phase! As an abode of gentle folk the house seemed uninhabitable. A narrow gauge railroad went past the door. A screaming, puffy, little engine drew

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a rattley-bang train of freight cars up from the wharf to the smelter, or from somewhere to something, every little while. A few people looking like half-breed Indians were the only humans visible—it was difficult to discern whether they were men or women. All else was dust and desolation.

Late that afternoon the lady of this domain came to tea on the *Orita*. The big steamers were her link with the outside world and they came only once in two weeks. I suppose she dressed for the occasion. Certainly she looked fresh and sweet and all the things that a fair English bride from a park in Devon should look, with her white dress and big Leghorn hat. But what touched me most were her low patent-leather shoes with their high heels and pretty buckles and her silk stockings—in the sand and dirt of Guayacan—I wanted to cry!

But she didn't; she was complacent and happy. "Oh, we'll go home when Harry makes enough; it won't be long and it's not half bad with the mail coming every fortnight. There's always someone we know on board, and there's Harry, you know." She drank tea and she talked as she



“Coquimbo, running up and down hill.”



In the shadow of the great Andean heights lies the Sporting Club of Vino del Mar.

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might have talked and looked at the Savoy or the Carlton of an early spring afternoon and she waved us good-bye when we sailed away without a tremor or a sigh. To you English women, with your pluck and spirit, I bow low. We, your American cousins, have much to learn from you.

Orange-Blossom and I walked from Guayacan over a hill across the sands to Coquimbo. It was intolerably hot and hard walking and a dinky little car drawn by mules went all the way tinkling beside us, but Orange-Blossom wanted to take photographs and there were things photographical to take—trains of donkeys with packs, natives wearing gay-colored costumes trudging across the desert landscape and finally Coquimbo running up and down hill. The *Orita* was to come there from Guayacan in the afternoon and we waited for her, sitting in the plaza looking over the blue waters. Ladies in mantillas and *mantos* were airing themselves before retiring for the day; at night they would come out again with more powder on their faces and their skirts trailing longer to catch the dust. Soldiers and sailors lounged on the benches beside us, watching the ships that sail ever up and down the coast with their nitrate cargoes—ships

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flying the colors of every land. We saw La Serena in the distance, that little picture-town with its old buildings that we knew were so well worth visiting, but it was too far away for our time. There was a church or two near at hand and pink and blue houses and a purple hotel that looked attractive facing the sea. I told Orange-Blossom that when I ran away with somebody else's husband, or he ran away with somebody else's wife, I should come there to live. He, wiping his brow and solacing himself with a smoke, spoke between puffs, ignoring the last of my remark, "I'm glad it's with somebody else's husband that you are planning to come, for if you were considering doing it with me I'd resign right off."

CHAPTER X

VALPARAISO AND VINO DEL MAR

THE day before we arrived at Valparaiso Carmincita wailed from dawn till dark. Martina had the benefit of it. She was in our cabin trying to pack, condense and eliminate, for we had decided to take with us, in view of our trip across the Andes, only what was obligatory, and to send the rest of our luggage on the *Orita* through the Straits of Magellan to meet us at Buenos Aires.

Of course, everyone we met on the ship and on shore had pictured, with keen enjoyment to themselves, the perils we were sure to encounter crossing the Cordilleras. At least six people told us of the woman they had seen killed; how she had been dragged over the Cumbre, the donkey bolting before anyone was able to stop him—when she was picked up she was dead. Later we heard the truth of the accident—horrible enough. The poor traveler was an excitable native. She had insisted on mounting a mule, in spite of advice, with a baby

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in her arms. Deciding after she had started that she might dispense with the child, for the moment, she had handed it to someone near. Losing her seat in the effort, she screamed wildly, lost control of the animal and the terrified beast had tried to catch up with the pack train, now some distance ahead. The woman could not get loose from the saddle and the plunging mule had dragged her over the rocks before he could be caught. She was rescued too late. This had occurred recently but, on comparing notes, Orange-Blossom and I discovered that our six friends had all crossed the Cumbre at different times, yet each one had *seen* the accident.

Every book we had gave thrilling descriptions of what we were to suffer. We read; we listened. We stifled our fears, but we determined to take as few incumbrances as we could. Everything was likely to be lost, grabbed from us, flung over precipices. Why risk more than our lives? In light of later discoveries, on account of the price of transportation, we were very glad that we had not taken much baggage, but of risk there was none.

Martina, busy all day to the accompaniment of Carmincita's wails, did not hesitate to comment

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that, "If that womans would mind her babies and not put so much powder on her nose we might have some peace," but I felt she was misjudging. Whatever else a South American woman may be, she is a devoted parent. A New York girl who had been to this land said to me, and it was so true, "They are fat, they are dowdy, they don't reduce and they don't play bridge and take dancing lessons, but they look the way that, when I was a little girl, I wanted all mothers to look." Yes, the dark, gentle women have the mother-faces of the Madonnas. Sharp words do not often come from their lips, and into their eyes a hard look does not get. My surmises about our little next-door neighbor were not without foundation.

Late in the afternoon there entered into our cabin a procession—the father, the mother, tired and undimpled now, with her fretting baby in her arms, and the doctor. The "old man," in his kindly oversight, had discovered that things were not all right with the little family. The doctor was impatient; it is to be hoped they did not understand English. "It's nothing but the child's stomach; stuffing her with all their nasty messes. I say, now, could you let me have a bottle of your

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malted milk? We haven't any on board. I'd like it awfully for them."

The eye of the father brightened when I brought out the panacea, but he was wary. All *gringos* were robbers; this was probably one of their dodges to make him hand over his good *pesos*. He took the bottle, shook it, turned it about and looked it all over, then he turned away. "It might be all right, yes, but there were other things to try; things that he knew about, not so expensive probably. Those first—*como nó?*—well, then, *quanto cuesta este?*"

At the word that I intended to give it to him the aspect of affairs changed. He was all bows, gratitude and friendliness, and the little mother, hugging her baby, joyously proclaimed, "*Leche, leche, Carmencita mia,*" and kissed my hand and murmured that I was good, that I was *simpática*. I had not been mistaken in her.

Into the Harbor of Valparaiso, all smiling, we steamed one Saturday morning. No sign, then, of the dread "norther," which comes so suddenly with havoc in its wake, stirring up the sea to mountain waves, sinking ships before anyone has

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time to prepare, bringing all in a few minutes dark terror to the sunny harbor that now we looked on with the wind from the south.

All along the coast journey we had lived a magic life in a magic world. All along the coast our supply of adjectives had been exhausting itself with repetition, but when Valparaiso burst into view we had to say them all over again.

Orange-Blossom and I had neither of us been to San Francisco. People have told us that Valparaiso is like it. Perhaps, but I doubt if the city of the northern waters could give just that thrill of delight that came to us as we looked over the Vale of Paradise built around the blue bay and on the brown hills and cliffs behind.

A white building on the heights gleamed fair and dazzling. "The naval academy," pointed out a fellow-traveler, a *Chileno*. "It is good outside, but inside—there are all the modern appointments, all the instruments, all the best instructors. We have to keep the upper hand on the west coast—the Peruvians, the Bolivians. Bah! We've shown them the kind of stuff we're made of—the soft people!"

Hard, intent on "getting rich quick," very pro-

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gressive are the *Chilenos*, and Valparaiso is proof. We had thought Callao Harbor was wide-awake, coming on it as we did out of the languor of the upper waters, but this was different. Here was every kind of tug and launch, making every kind of a noise. Steamers and ships were at work. The water line of the land showed high warehouses, buildings modern and doing "big business." It was all the more wonderful when one realized the recent terrible earthquake. But Valparaiso had no time to think about that now. Kingston might be slow in recovering from its calamity, but this city, crushed, stunned, as it had been, arose and shook itself and started fresh. We could see but scant traces of the disaster of 1906.

Someone from Grace and Company came on the *Orita* to help us. He seemed all Yankee, but it appeared that he had spent much of his life in these parts notwithstanding his New England birth and breeding. He handled everything, however, in true Yankee spirit, including Martina, who worked obediently with him in regard to bundles and baggage after he had decided that the sight of her white skin and light hair was good for

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his manly heart. Martina's Swedish coloring was her great asset—the next time I come to South America I am going to take a dark one!

If we hadn't been guided by someone who knew, I expect the *fleteros* would have ruined us; nothing comes cheap in Chile. We watched the other passengers vainly bargaining and objecting as we went off care-free in a rowboat, leaving Martina to guard the luggage on board until all could go on shore—a matter of time in Valparaiso, where unloading is slow.

We turned our backs on the *Orita*, waving good-bye to the good ship after we had exchanged compliments with the captain and left him a little of our hearts. We told the doctor we hoped he would get his desire soon, "A bit of a place in Shropshire, with a few pounds a year to live on." We landed at the slippery, steep steps and I was pulled and jerked up them to the land in the custom of Valparaiso.

Orange-Blossom insisted that the flat, business part of the town was like Boston. In his boyhood days when his father was the owner of many ships he used to climb up on a high stool in an office somewhere on State Street and watch the clerks

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check off invoices and listen to ship talk. It was like that in the big office where we went for necessary business. The narrow winding streets, the shipping houses, the atmosphere, all made him think of "dear old Boston," but it didn't suggest Boston to me. I didn't want it to. It was a wonder city in a wonder world, with its blue, blue bay in front, its pretty streets jumping so abruptly up hill, its big plaza, its attractive dwelling-houses, perched on the crest of the cliff, with their gay gardens and blaze of flowers. After the raw, sun-baked towns of the nitrate land it was good to get to Valparaiso. While Orange-Blossom talked in the office which reminded him of State Street, and while Martina was comfortably away sitting on the baggage, I had a glorious wander alone. I didn't dare take one of the alarming funiculars that went up from the lower town streets to the upper town. The little cars hauled by cable looked questionable and I preferred to walk, so I scrambled up a cobbled street like a chamois trail for steepness, and was well repaid at the top. What a view! What air! How good it was to be alive—and the wife of a man who had to travel!

We were taken to luncheon by a gentleman who

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looked as if he had just stepped out of the Union Club on to Fifth Avenue. Every bit of him said "New York." We went to a sort of business men's restaurant "where you get the best food," and had a coop to ourselves, screened by four paper walls open at the top. We talked the latest gossip of Manhattan while we ate fare worthy of the best of Manhattan's cooks—crabs with a sauce incredible and delicious, filet mignon tender and good, a salad of ingredients I wouldn't dare to name, and wee, wild strawberries of the coast, better, even, than those of Paillard in May with *fromage à la crème*—if you can believe it.

We ate and grew fat and did not care. It was so long since we had tasted food like this and we discussed the possibility of Mrs. Scratchgravel's eloping with her husband's secretary, and whether little Flossie Gumdrop was really likely to get the Asterbilt millions. We questioned the skill of the women whips who drove the coach from the Colony Club to Ardsley and wondered if auction would oust bridge this winter. It was mighty good, away down there at the bottom of the world, to find somebody who really cared about all these things.

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We were told to go to Vino del Mar to spend Sunday, where the wit and fashion of Chile summer in this hot weather of late February. We were escorted thither by another of our countrymen, and part of the way we took a double-decker trolley and being aristocratic rode inside and paid extra fare for it to the lady conductor, who, in her shiny sailor hat and trim, black dress, was quite *de rigueur*.

Our companion explained how the women came to get such work. When the war took all the available men, the wives and sisters were called upon to help, as conductors and in other jobs supposed to be controlled by masculines. So well did they do the work that they have held their posts ever since. *Viva Chile*, where the weaker sex has a chance!

Vino, first seen in the late afternoon, looked to us a ginger-bread villa place, not unlike a cheap edition of a Normandy resort, Dinard in the process of baking and almost as gay. "Let's go and see the show," suggested our entertainer. "Are you ready?" We are always ready. It didn't take a moment to dump Martina at the very French little hostelry, the Gran Hotel, with the bags and

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bundles, to hire a "hack" and, in true *Chileno* tear, drive to the Esplanade.

"Look at the trees, the flowers! the flowers!" Such a glory of them! After our days on the sun-baked, rainless coast, I *had* to scream with delight. "Better look at the people and 'listen to the band.' It's a crackerjack!" enthused Orange-Blossom.

Like Dinard, yes! Just the same beautiful pointed-moustached, slim-waisted gentlemen talking to ladies attired in the very last word of the Rue de la Paix. The infants, just the same, digging in the sand, little girls very scantily clad as to skirts and little boys with velvet suits and big shiny black hats. *Bonnes*, too—and we really were almost at the end of everything!

"We won't be English; we won't drink tea and eat muffins. Here's for a cocktail, for Uncle Sam and Home!" We applauded our American host, and a really good cocktail it was—a dry Martini. Over it we three became sworn friends and agreed to go to a grand ball that evening together, my husband nonchalantly tossing off, "Martina can fix you up all right," as if there was any known way of converting attire suitable for crossing the Andes into a costume fit for appearing at Chile's

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entertainment *par excellence*. But it didn't matter if I had to turn in the neck of my blouse to make it resemble low-neck. I knew they were indulgent to strangers and kind-hearted, those soft-eyed women, wonderfully bedecked as to jewels and in silk and satin sheen, and when the music called and we danced—dancing is one thing that “dear old Boston” can teach its youth, and our other “knew how,” too—when we two-stepped and valsed, when we drank *refrescos* and ate strange, beautiful viands, nothing mattered. It was all deliciously, delightfully happy away off there, “ten thousand miles away!”

“Aurora arose at the call of—what was it at the call of? But, anyway, arise at the call of something for we've a busy day ahead and it's time for coffee if we are going to make it.”

Oh, dear! And I had such a “morning-after” feeling, but we wanted to see all that we could and not miss anything in *Vino*. I tried to wake up. “I wonder if I could have some of those strawberries,” I murmured, rubbing my eyes.

“Sure you can.” My spouse was in a holiday humor. He rang, but the response was discour-

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aging. “*Noes posible.*” To eat fruit with one’s coffee in Chile is not done.

“You bet it’s *posible.*” The American spirit was roused. “Go to the market, go to Valparaiso, go to the devil—but get them!”

“*Si, Señor.*” The waiter bowed himself out in grateful appreciation of the suggestions, but he didn’t come back. No, he sent a wee messenger with pretty poor strawberries, who pleaded that it was the best he could do, and he was panting and had such an atmosphere of terrible trouble taken about him that I begged Orange-Blossom to give him a good tip. I expect even in their young the *Chilenos* are pretty astute.

“I can’t give him twenty *pesos* and it’s all the coin I have left. Some change,” spoke Orange-Blossom, holding up the money to the expectant little face. “Change—change—what the dickens is the word for change?”

The dictionary was in Martina’s room and that was at a distance, but a gleam of intelligence lit the features of our Mercury of the Gran Hotel. “*Si, si, comprendo,*” he shouted in delight, and before Orange-Blossom could say “*vamos*” the

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boy was off. He came back, a large greasy paper in one hand, in the other half a *pesos*!

“What in thunder!” I begged forbearance with a look, while we investigated.

“*Si, si, Señor, mire changos!*” exulted the lad and out came the contents of the bag and it dawned on us that in Chile “change” or something like it meant “ham”—for Orange-Blossom’s reluctant grasp held large, fat slices of good healthy pig! Into the little hand he put the remaining half *pesos*. If he had laughed, if he had added the ham I never would have forgiven him. Our twenty good *pesos* had gone from us, but the joke was almost worth it.

The women of Chile go to church—every one. From our window we watched them going, matron and maiden, mistress and maid, all clad alike in somber black, all wearing *mantos* over their heads and about their shoulders. Women cannot enter the sanctuary here with a hat, nor can they go except in plain attire. In the house of the Lord there are no distinctions. All look alike, their faces framed by the soft folds, ugly lines hidden, ungainly features—all shrouded in this mantle of mystery and charm.

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Later we met them coming back, walking humbly as beseems worshipers who have been in commune with holy things. They carried their books in their hands. This was the hour of devotion; by and by would begin the time of levity; each had its place in life! We peeked into the gardens of the villas as the gates were opened to them. The bright blooms were intoxicating, so was the air, mellow and soft. A few hardy Britishers were playing tennis madly "for their exercise"; a few *Chileno* men could be seen riding with as little exertion as possible on splendid, great horses, but quiet reigned in the peace and repose of the Domingo morning when all Chile goes to church.

At breakfast *Vino del Mar* was in gala attire. It was the "thing" to come to the hotel to eat before going to the Sporting Club for the Carraras, the races of fashion. On a cool veranda we sat looking over the pretty *patio* with its great palms and flowers, brilliant and sweet to smell, its tinkling fountains and the birds flashing color in their gilded cages, parrots and song-birds. Shaded sunlight fell over all and everyone was happy and joyous. It was the afternoon of the Chilean

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Domingo, the morning of their devotions had passed.

Into the picture came our American from the north. Again he was to be our entertainer; he was pathetically happy to be able to entertain "folks from home," although life in Vino held pleasures for him. He might live in an adobe house with pink and blue trimmings, with all the rooms running around a *patio* and be cared for by a couple, shambling and old, with a *mañana*-way of doing things and also a way of taking what didn't belong to them when they could, but at Vino this is the *chic* way for a bachelor of means to live and he took it as it came. He liked the hard, sharp men who understood "business," the languid, purring women, the vivid rush of affairs. "There is always the incredible climate and the chance of making good money. Indeed, no it wasn't so bad!"

Qualities of his motherland, however, had our American of the north. We had proof of it. We came into the street out of the cool, shaded *patio* with its palms and parrots, its gentle, dusky ladies and their spick and span gallants, to find waiting for us there—of all things—a taxi-cab, noisy,

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smelly, unromantic and horribly modern. "To make you feel at home," chuckled our host, swelling with pride. "It's just arrived. French company will send some more over if this one is a go. It's the first, a trial, about the only one on the coast, I guess. It's been advertised for weeks. Isn't it great that it came just in the nick of time for me to take you about in this afternoon? I wish you could have seen the people stare when I rode out from Val."

I tried to think of the price he must have paid, the trouble he must have taken. I tried to forgive him, but I hardly could; I hardly can now in view of my sufferings of that afternoon.

I choked. Orange-Blossom covered it up. He was magnificent. He broke into a rhapsody of enthusiasm and appreciation, and then began a ride—ye gods, what a ride!

To the race-course the road was level and straight. If I did realize that the chauffeur was green to the country and rather uncertain about the machine, never mind! We got out at the Sporting Club, and we might have been at Auteuil or Longchamps except for the setting. The course was laid in a little valley. All around were the

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soft hills piling up against each other, low and gentle, the beginnings of the high Andes, with the dreamy, mysterious colors on them that are always hovering on the luminous peaks, lights of topaz, amethyst, lovely lavenders and blues. At the course were the *caballeros* in brilliant, vivid racing clothes, men and women in the sporty dress of the race-course, everywhere and everywhere the betting calls, the jargon about "paddock" and "jockey" and "handicaps." How strange coming from those Latin-American lips!

We partook of lukewarm champagne and ate little cakes—at three o'clock—and then our host announced, "We have seen enough of this. Let's move on." He wanted to show us their new drive. It wasn't finished yet, but it was "great"—the pride of all Chile, the envy of the west coast. "You'll see!"—and we did!

The road, ten miles of it, cut in places out of the solid rock, runs along the cliffs that border the sea. On one side rise steep, overhanging boulders; on the other is a fall down, away down, to the water. Of course, it suggests the Cornice—what beautiful cliff-way doesn't?—but it has more pretensions than most to the comparison. The heights

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are immense, the turns sharp and sudden and the water below has the blue of the Mediterranean. "But it's more beautiful, I believe," rhapsodied Orange-Blossom. "Jingo! It's immense! It's so wild, so bold, so daring! It's the biggest thing of its kind that I have ever seen."

"It's supposed to be the biggest thing of its kind on the continent," our host assured us. "They have spent a mint of money on it, but they don't care; it pleases Chile to get ahead of everyone else in anything—and they have done it here."

All very well, but the memory that I have of that road! A Cornice! Yes! But a Cornice unfinished, with no wall or fence or any guard on the sea edge. With no warnings of sharp corners, of steep descents, no danger notices—the road in the process of building, the road-bed slippery and soft—anything could get stuck in it and slide and skid. It was very narrow. In places where it hadn't yet been dug out, two vehicles could barely pass, and there we were in a taxi-cab, new, untried, with a French driver—probably a poor one or he wouldn't have come over here; his only experiences boulevards and routes nationales. It was a situation!

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I tried to be game. I never tried so hard in my life. I grabbed the sides of the car, I bit my lips until they bled and I dug my nails into my palms, and there sat Orange-Blossom, airily making conversation. How could he?

In Chile I know life comes and goes easily. It is not of much consequence. Everyone takes risks. They juggle with tremendous things. Perhaps our smiling host did not appreciate what we were doing, or didn't know much about motors. He was very intent on entertaining, pointing out views and the rest. Once when the car began to back towards a sheer precipice of a hundred feet—at least it looked so—he did seem a bit disturbed. Then Orange-Blossom, growing white about the lips, grabbed me and forgot his manners. He broke open the door with no light hand before he remembered. The face of our host recalled him, and he rose to the occasion. "I wanted to take a picture here," he apologized.

Blessed camera! Saint photography! It was an inspiration. "To take a picture" was my plea a dozen times afterwards when I felt that I couldn't bear it another second without screaming. I had to get "the right light," I had to walk a lit-

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tle way to get it, and I insisted upon having the machine go slow "to look out for the views."

Of course, the driver's one desire was to fly at top speed all the way—Frenchman and advertiser! People stopped as we went, to gasp and shout and applaud. What was the use if one couldn't please them? Oh, the misery of the ride! At the end there was a pavilion painted in green and white stripes. It lives in my memory as a part of the nightmare experience. We were urged to eat. I was obstinate. If we had to go back in that taxicab it was well "done quickly" before the terror of darkness should be added to the rest. I have no doubt that the pavilion had its merits. There was a bathing-beach and little umbrella tents for people to sit under while they looked on, but I didn't want to look at anything or to think about anything—only to pray.

Of course, we did get back safe. This was South America. The shadows were falling and the glory of the sunset was illumining the earth. I have only a dim memory of it. My soul was singing a pæan of thanksgiving—at last it was over! "It's been bully!" said Orange-Blossom. "Immense!"

"I hope *you* enjoyed it." There was pathetic

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doubt in our host's voice as he looked at me, holding out his hand—we were going in a few minutes to Santiago; the link between him and his homeland was to be broken. “It was wonderful,” I answered; “I never enjoyed anything more!” How could I have said anything else?

CHAPTER XI

SANTIAGO IN THE HILLS—OLD SHOPS AND SHOPPERS

A LONG time ago a gentleman named Valdivia, having had trouble with his boon companion in conquest, Pizarro, was sent south to get him out of the way. In his going he happened upon a green hill. After his long tramp in his steel armor over the dry desert, it looked very good to him. Underneath lay a fertile valley, cool and refreshing with its silver stream. On every side rose other hills away back to the great ridges. "Here," said the confident *conquistador*, "here I will build a city—it shall be the city of the world!"

Santiago is not quite all that its founder anticipated, but one is very thankful that Valdivia had the inspiration when one goes up on the Cerro de Santa Lucia at sunset, climbing the pretty rocky path to the little look-out on top, and gazes, as he did, over the gentle plain below and watches the light die—there first, then fade on the hills and

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last illumine the snow peaks, touching them with gold and glory, lingering radiantly until all else is enveloped in the soft shades of night—one does not wonder, then, that Valdivia was filled with longing to make manifest to all peoples for all time so much beauty.

Santiago, the Paris of Chile, Santiago with its lovely Plaza des Armas, with its stucco houses, rose-pink, terra-cotta, mellow-brown, ornamented in garlands and fantastic, graceful devices—Santiago with its gliding Rio Mapocho, with its Cousino Park, has an allure which holds one captive. The “bricabraceria” of all this wonderland finds its last and most perfect expression in Santiago.

We were very grateful for it all, though we came to the city in the summer time when the great people—and Santiago rightfully prides itself on its fine families and their number—were out of town. We could guess about them when we saw the façades and the big wooden doors hiding *patios* where were gardens to take one’s breath away with fantasies and fountains and flowers, the homes of the mighty of Chile.

The proprietor of the Hotel Oddo, bringing great bunches of roses to our rooms as welcome,

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shook his head over our lack of intelligence in coming then. "The costumes we might have seen! The hats! *Mon Dieu!* Here we are ahead of Paris, our winter comes first; and first we have the modes." He was a Frenchman, but he was at home in Santiago. There are seven thousand and more of his country-people here. Of *Americanos del Norte* there are but sixty.

We went to Santiago in a drawing-room car. It was made in the United States, the little gilt tablet over the door proclaimed. We left Vino del Mar, hot and cross and generally "stirred up" for reasons, but before dusk had melted into darkness our black devils began to take flight. Up, up, we went into the brilliancy of the air that has few rivals. Up out of the lands of the western seas into the land of the hills. Flowering trees danced before us, eucalyptus making the night sweet. Vineyards were on every side, adobe huts, quaint and primitive, and there were everywhere natives waving "*buenas noches*" as we passed.

At Llai-Llai we stopped for dinner. "Eat on the train," they had advised us. There is a dining car and they said the food was excellent, but we wanted to see the people and get out at the

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railroad station and dine with them, to watch them grab and gobble and laugh and talk. Martina didn't. At Vino Martina had held converse with a *Chileno* maid who spoke English. What Martina didn't know about the trip after that wasn't worth knowing, and what "mein friend" had said haunted all our waking hours. "Mein friend" had told her not to get out to dine at Llai-Llai and we left her solacing herself with an educator. We walked up and down the platform after our merry meal, and there we made a discovery.

We hadn't any guide-book. How were we to know about the fruit-women of Llai-Llai? They are famous the country over, but we thought that we had discovered them. They sat with their legs and feet tucked under them somehow on the ground, a row of elderly dames in the cleanest and daintiest of print dresses, aprons and caps, with baskets and baskets and baskets of fruit spread out in front of them. The baskets are of all sizes and all made of the delicate, pretty weave that Indian ancestry somewhere had taught. Such a display as the fruit was! Nectarines, luscious and yellow; grapes like drops of amber; peaches with the glow of the sun seeming to linger on them;

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pears, gold and big—all resting on their green leaves. We became foolish over it, but we had some excuse—we had lived in a dry desolate world; that liquid fruit went to our heads. Never in a shop window on Piccadilly or on Fifth Avenue or anywhere had we seen such a revel of it. We dropped on our knees. We bought and bought. It is still a recollection of joy.

We arrived in Santiago late, about five hours after leaving Vino. Too late to see the people enjoying the *paseo*, of which they never weary—the quiet after-dinner promenade of young and old. Few were in the streets as we were driven madly up the broad Alameda, that “delicious avenue” with statues in the middle and on the sides the houses, sometimes of the rich, sometimes the hovels of the poor, sometimes shops, however it happens.

The Oddo welcomed us and we found it good, although Martina had struggles with another expression of South American plumbing—water that wouldn't run, and faucets that came off when you tried to turn them, and the “chamber-men”—a woman is seldom seen in any hotel. But in the air of Santiago who could nurse a grievance long?

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Every morning when we threw open our French casements wide to let it enter—always the same cool, rare, delicious air, we would believe what they told us, that “people often came to stay a week and stayed a lifetime because of it.”

For the rest, we saw their museum and their cathedral, well worth while both, and every day of our short stay Orange-Blossom did business and I wandered about, ending all the beginnings of my walks in the Delicious Avenue, wondering about the statues of O’Higgins and MacKenna until I found out that the Irish strain brought here—no one seems to know when or how, but long, long ago—has endured in the names—apparently in little else. They can not speak a word of English, and they have little in common with their progenitors, these Chilian Irish people, but the traits tell at times—in MacKenna when he wrote of his travels and made fun of the places he visited and the foibles of the great—how our own President Johnson “must have cut out his coat with his own scissors.” Yes, at times, the “Irish” will out!

Once we took a sight-seeing drive. We wanted to look at the condors and llamas in the Zoo. The

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great birds seemed serene and looked as if they could take care of themselves. They were like their own mountains, severe, awe-inspiring and aloof. But the llamas were different—exquisite, refined creatures. It did not seem possible that they could carry such loads as we had heard, threading their way among the topmost peaks, where no other beast of burden could live. Neither did they look as if they had the “spunk” to lie down and stubbornly refuse, in spite of beatings and urgings, to get up and bear the least bit over one hundred pounds. “One hundred and one and down they go,” said our guide, and he added, “Don’t go too near; they might spit, and the spit will kill Señor and Señora—so quick, yes.” I didn’t wonder that they might want to spit. They must have hated the Zoo so. They were sad for their altitudes and for the rare air. “They always die,” announced our conductor, “but we get others.”

We turned away. “Show us happier creatures,” we begged, and found—it was incredible—in elaborately constructed houses, surrounded by palms and tropical extravagances with runs, but in close confinement—dogs! Just our ordinary household

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pets, fox-terriers, poodles, setters, all barking furiously, of course, not understanding at all why they should be shown off. Our attention was called to them with pride, and further on were hens and roosters of our common and garden sort—Plymouth Rocks, Leghorns, all living in pagodas and magnificence. “It beats the Dutch,” commented Orange-Blossom; “I suppose they are some sort of an object-lesson in natural history for their children, but they do look crazy.”

Another day we met some of the stay-at-home people of Santiago, charming and cultured, who gave us tea, which was very good, and the most delicious honey, made from the palm tree. They drove us afterwards to a *hacienda* outside of the city, a lovely country estate where the ruler seemed a feudal lord. They told me where to buy the best *mantos* for my delight; they are such charming shoulder coverings and nowhere else to be found as lovely, made of soft, clinging, silky veiling; and they told me about the shops for the “old things.”

Orange-Blossom hates to shop, so when he is busy I burrow in all sorts of out-of-the-way corners. I love it. In Lima I had times of unbe-



The beauty-loving people of Santiago mount the Cerro de Santa Lucia to see the last touch of the sun on the snow-capped peaks.



At Hotel Sud-Americano our bedrooms on the gallery opened to the sky

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lievable rapture. Before I came to South America I thought I knew something about enticing and inducing the vendors of things that I wanted to part with them, but here I had new practices to learn. In Peru I began the lessons.

So far Latin-Americans have not acquired the mania for antiques. They hardly realize the value of their possessions. Little, old money-changers are the shop-men—they are always little and, generally, old. To them come the treasures. Each article has a history. They are not over-eager to part with their wares; they are not anxious to show them even. A purchaser is never welcomed with any particular enthusiasm.

Generally the *cambre* is weighing coin when you enter, and you enter with an apology. You have no coins to exchange, but you have seen something in the show case that attracts you; may you look at it?

The old man puts on his spectacles. He speaks no English, but to your poor Spanish and gesticulations he grunts assent and taking a key from his pocket turns it in the case. "Is it permitted to look at the other articles, too?" You handle them respectfully and admire quietly—but never

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ask the price. Presently he grows more interested. You seem to appreciate the battered Inca relics, cooking utensils of hammered copper and metal. You wouldn't have one for a gift, but you are learning how. He begins to talk about the Incas, always a loved theme. You show appreciation and he brings out more of their work and you admire; let him run on. Quite casually you discover an incense burner, rare with curious Spanish workmanship, beautiful with its yellow, silver sheen, and you point to it. He pulls it out. "Señora likes that!" Ah, he has plenty of such stuff, and he unlocks a little door hidden in the wall and discloses a safe filled with treasures, mirrors, candle-sticks, salvers, boxes—all of old silver, hand-wrought. You hold your breath. You dare not be enthusiastic. You handle them indifferently. He talks on: "This belonged to a great family. *Caramba!* The son married a good-for-nothing and she threw the stuff out of the house. She wanted German plate—she was a German," and he polishes his spectacles with an energy that needs no interpretation. "That salver? Ah, that's different. It was very *triste*. She had to sell. Hard times came. No, he could not reveal

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the name, but here is the coat-of-arms. You can see in the center, and the motto of the house.”

I was feeling for the moment when I could broach the subject of money. I tried to be diplomatic. I made the attempt.

“As for that”—off shambles my little old man, too busy to trifle with such details. Someone else needs his attention. They had waited. I, also, wait and by and by he returns to me; he has been considering; and he names a price. It is so amazingly small, as such things go, that I am seized with an overwhelming desire to grab the whole lot, to take my hoard to New York and there proclaim, “See, come and behold! You, who, in Italy, in Spain, on Fifth Avenue, have been cajoled into parting with your money—and for what? See what Lima has to offer! See what I have!”

But second thoughts are awake. In the first place there would be Orange-Blossom to reckon with—“This is a trip for business, not a shopping tour”—and there would be Uncle Sam’s kind servants who await us on the home dock with their pleasant method of valuing things we bring as they choose. Then there is the realization that what has been asked is at least twice what is ex-

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pected to be received. If I do not haggle and bargain and beat down I will be the laughing-stock of every little old man in every little old shop who has anything to sell. No more treasures will be shown me. I will not be considered worth while. I curb my impulses and, nonchalantly, turn away. “*No, absolument no!* How absurd! All that for this stuff, this old, cast-away stuff of a by-gone fashion and design. Indeed, I was simply looking for curiosity. What use could I make of the old silver? For an outsider it has no associations, no sentiment.”

“*Si, Señora,*” humbly; “that is understood. Of course, Señora only desires it for a souvenir to take home. For my part I would take the Inca relic, more interesting that, but everyone to his taste and Señora must remember that the silver is old and heavy. Look at the weight!”

The scales come into play and the lovely piece of workmanship goes in them—as if anyone cared about the weight of the treasure!

“Ah, *mire!* Did I not say so, and at so much the ounce! Señora can see that it is not too much to ask—and all the work thrown in.”

“Yes, but that is a high estimate. Why, silver

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is cheap! Silver brings only—" and I murmur something which in my Spanish may mean anything.

"*Si, si*, very true! But Señora is thinking of the modern silver with the alloy. Certainly that does not bring the same, but this is old, very old and solid. Look at the color, feel the softness. Ah, Señora does not make a mistake."

It goes on for half an hour more and all the time my blessed, blind, little man never sees through me. This is his own field; he loves the haggling as he does his daily bread. And I love it, too, shades of Orange-Blossom haunting me. I turn away, leave the old mirror, the platter, the wonderful vase. "No, no, *no importa!* If there is anything else, something really worth while, something that I can afford to buy—"

Off he shambles, opens a drawer away down somewhere in the darkness under the counter and brings to light a marvelous bit of embroidery, an old mantilla that must have taken a year of weary eyesight to weave, an incredible silk purse, and it begins all over again. In the end I carry off my treasures, a jubilee sings itself in my heart. If never again I get to the west coast of this unbe-

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lievable land, I have much to keep its memory fresh in my heart—for the joy of my old age!

In Santiago like events happened. I found the shops—one in particular—and I spent a heavenly morning in the heavenly little hole of a place. Fancy ran riot there in every sort of antiquity. Such old chests, such chairs, and rugs—ah, me! And the jewelry and lace—there was a point-lace shawl, quite the most wonderful, fairy web that I have ever had the luck to see, even in a museum, and I could have had it for so pitifully little, but I thought twice and resisted. I did secure smaller things, and then discovered that I had not enough in my purse to pay for all. “Would the *cambre* send someone to the hotel for the rest?” The assistant he sent was old, too, like himself, and when he saw me take gold from my pocketbook his eyes lighted up, he drew me aside—where Martina could not hear. He had heard Señora mention pearls. Would she care to see a brooch—a very, very old brooch that he knew of? It was a secret. Very well, he would show it to her this evening and then he would tell about it.

And in the evening he returned with the beautiful ornament. I couldn't resist. No woman in

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her sane mind could—at that price—and then the story was told. It belonged to a proud *Chileno* family. They did not want anyone to guess their extremity. The brooch was an heirloom. It was known by all Santiago. If Señora was not going away at once, far, far away, she would never have seen it. The story sounded true and when we found that the diamonds which had been part of the setting of the brooch had been removed to sell—they could tell no tales—we believed that only to a stranger could it go to be carried “far, far away.” I have a little thrill of pity for the poor gentlewoman of Santiago who had to part with it whenever I wear my beautiful old pin. So cruelly must she have needed the money!

In Santiago I had another experience. It has a moral. Take warning! Among my treasure-trove there were some old turquoises, odd in their setting and lovely in color. My enthusiasm inspired the vendor to search further, and just as we were leaving the hotel for the train, which would take us to the other side of the continent, the “money-changer” came to my room with a set of bracelets, brooch and earrings. At a glance I realized the possibilities in those turquoises. They

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would make a dream of a collar, but Orange-Blossom was tired and he had just changed all his Chilian *pesos* into English gold, allowing only what would carry us over the trip. He hadn't time to change it back nor to draw more. I sighed, wept a little tear to myself and turned away.

During the trip across the plains in the waking, baking hours of the night on the train, dreams of those turquoises haunted me. It was revealed that I must have that collar. It would be a treasure for me and for generations yet unborn. In one of my husband's happy moments I tactfully urged my idea.

He consented. He would write to someone he knew could be trusted in Santiago to get the jewelry and send it to me in England, where I had a man who would make it into an ornament—a *merveille!*

Rapturously I beheld myself envied of all, "the lady of the turquoise collar." And this is what befell! Orange-Blossom wrote, but we didn't get the turquoises. They had been sold. Just after we left Santiago, two days after, it was invaded by a party of tourists, our country-folk, the first

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to come on a big excursion steamer and the first to cross the Andes, *en masse*. They came from New York; they came from Chicago; they came from everywhere—the “*touristes millionnaires*.” We escaped them, but after we had gone they arrived in Santiago with their clinking gold purses and their air of possessing the town—and they did possess it. The answer that I got about my turquoises was that they had been sold for four times their value. For the price of the entire set as offered me I could buy not one miserable bit of a brooch, insignificant and ugly. The old men had learned wisdom. Take warning. Go to the west coast quick. Go to Lima, which hasn't been invaded yet, before the people with clinking gold purses get there!

CHAPTER XII

THE ANDES—WE START ACROSS

OH, ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord. Praise him and magnify him forever." Verily so do the Andes. The glory of His handiwork are these—grand, amazing, lifting their peaks to high Heaven, communing only with the furthestmost skies, defying humanity to scale their crags and harness their pinnacles to use, brooking no familiarity. Giant condors may venture on their serried fastnesses, dainty llamas go so far, but man—no. The treasures they hold, the ore, the metals that give the marvel-luster to their peaks, these they guard against approach, frowning down on all who dare. Austere, incomprehensible, cruel, wonderful—such are the Andes—the last word in power and stone of God to man.

Into the heart of the great hills did we venture in our flight over the Cumbre, over the Uspallata Pass, as far as most may go, further than most will go in the future. A month afterwards the

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railroad which connected Chile and Argentine was finished. The last rail was laid in the trans-Andean and the tunnel under the pass opened. Just a month and the first train went through bearing people of importance and grandes, with all sorts of ceremonies and rejoicings. At last there was a direct way across the continent. Chile and Argentine gloried in the completion of the road. All the world applauded, and Orange-Blossom and I fell on our knees in thanksgiving to our guardian angel who had once more guided us, guided us to South America just before it was all finished.

To have missed the thrill of that wild ride with the mountain ponies to the summit of the Pass, that mad dash down on the other side, to have missed seeing the great Peace, the statue of Christ built at the boundary line of Chile and Argentine at the apex of the Pass—the pity of it!

No doubt travelers, even those who see it from a car window only, will declare that it is one of the wonder-rides of their experience, but not to go over the Cumbre—I am sorry for them.

We began our crossing of the Cordilleras at Santiago in the cool of a golden-touched evening at about eight o'clock. "How foolish to start

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now," the Oddo people said. "Why not be regular, rise as the others do, at four to-morrow and go straight through without a break?" And we answered, "We want the break; we like the interrupted journey; we like to be irregular."

They shrugged their shoulders. "Oh, the *Inglésas!* These *Americanos del Norte*—all mad!" And they watched us depart for the slow, much-stopping night-accommodation train with curling lip and pitying eye. Mad, yes, quite mad!

At Llai-Llai again we waited ten minutes and I had another delicious interview with the fruit-women. This time I met them equipped.

"No, no," I asserted, "I don't want to buy a basket already filled—nor yet that lot of fruit. I will choose myself." The little white-capped, white-aproned dame squatting on the ground was amazed. "*Imposible!*" Very well, then I would buy from someone else, there were many waiting to sell their wares and much fruit from which to choose.

"*Bueno*, there take the basket. It shall be as Señora desires. See," gathering from somewhere in the dark behind and throwing them in helter-skelter—peaches, pears, nectarines and grapes.

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I turn away. "Not a bit of it. I must choose myself." Another dame was beckoning and nudging.

"Ah! but Señora was difficult. Did she think that I would give her bad fruit with all this abundance? *Porqué, mire! Si.* She should put it in herself—the *Inglesa*—but the four *pesos* first; the train might start before Señora had finished her selection. What! Only two *pesos* for all that big basketful. *Caramba!* But that was ridiculous! Did Señora think that I rose before dawn to gather the peaches with the first flash of the sun on them for the fun of giving away—that I trudged with the fruit all those weary miles to sell for two *pesos*? Well! Take it, then, but hurry, the train is starting! Not from that lot—it will spoil the pyramid; from this one, or from this." Nevertheless, carefully did I fill my basket, Orange-Blossom in blustering impatience notwithstanding. And how beautiful it was, my golden trophy all for fifty cents, twice too much, of course, but for the joy of it well worth any price.

Martina approved of my purchase. "She needed a basket for her darning; it was something useful." Useful, indeed! From that time on my precious little Andean fruit-holder shone in unro-

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mantic light. Sundry socks and stockings were always tumbling from its edges, "to be ready for mein spare minutes," but even so it was a sight to invoke a happy memory of that purple-lighted evening at the foot-hills of the great mountains with the old women squatting before their luscious wares. Why they are all old no one has ever explained, but if they were not the picture wouldn't be half as tender and sweet.

After Llai-Llai the car was crowded, stuffy and hot. Conversation waxed. Spluttering light prevented reading and travelers must do something! Here came into our horizon a countryman who had torn himself away from the other "*touristes millionnaires*" of the excursion steamer. We surmised that he had regretted his impulse, he was so glad to pounce upon us "real Americans." Could anything be more jolly! He had left the crowd to go through the Straits, but he'd had a doggoned lonely time of it away down there at the bottom of the world.

Never did he doubt us, nor that we would hang on his words about Taft making good and Teddy being down and out. And say! Wasn't it the darn'dest proposition about steel? etc., etc. Oh,

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dear; and we had so successfully eluded all the others of that excursion steamer! It did seem a little bit hard, but it is ordained that no one shall have pleasure unalloyed. No, not even in crossing the Cordilleras!

At about eleven o'clock the puffing, fussy, little engine came to a final stop and we were at Los Andes.

What would we find with no Baedeker star-marked? We streaked along trying to keep up with someone who had seized on our bags—there was no time for discussion—from Hotel Sud-Americano he had proclaimed himself; we had faith. And then to arrive at such an inn! It was reward in full and running over for the tiresome journey—Mr. Summers included!

There was a court open on one side to the sky and the mountains. On the other sides were the galleries and bedrooms. It was late. We tiptoed to our quarters. We held our breath. Martina might grumble about the monastery-like cells of rooms, about the red-blanketed cots and the bathrooms with wooden tubs where the only water came from a sparkling mountain torrent. But there was the moon just risen and peak after peak

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was shimmering into sight; the only sound a tinkle of a bell on a wandering mountain creature, and over all the scent of new-mown hay. "What a place; what a place!" we gasped. Hotel Sud-Americano marked itself with a star in our souls.

"Hurry," whispered Orange-Blossom. The first faint tinge of dawn had barely touched the world, but I rose unquestioningly. "We must not miss a minute of it. Come." Out on the gallery we went. All was quiet. The moon still rode in the heavens. It was still night, all blue and shimmery silver. Stars jeweled the sky, but vivid clots of color were beginning to show. They flashed on the heights, transforming them into fairy, waving castles of the air. Presently out of the haze sprang crag after crag—pinnacle and spur, snow-fields pink and iridescent glowing on the brown rocks. Metallic glints flashed and sparkled. Slowly night shrank away. Dawn tossed and played with the giant hills and rose-tinted morning awoke—earth had never seemed so beautiful—the Creator had never seemed so near up there—at Los Andes, twenty-five hundred feet above the sea,



Up, up to the heights!



From the rushing Aconcagua the crags rose
cruel and gaunt

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just at the top of the foothills, just at the foot of the great Andean spine of South America!

Martina bearing golden nectarines and grapes became, even she, a hand-maiden of romance. We dipped into the mountain water of our tubs; it held the sparkle of the fastnesses, and we were ready for the day, the world—no matter what it had to offer.

It was barely eight o'clock when the mountain train drew up at the hotel platform. To her ears was Martina laden—rugs and wraps, luncheon outfit and medicine chest. Not lightly nor unadvisedly was she going to undertake this journey. "Mein friend" had told her of its perils. So was everyone else prepared, and such a paraphernalia showed—huge chintz-covered pillows, rubber bottles steaming hot, fruit baskets, sharp-cornered cases belonging to commercial travelers taking their samples across the continent, toys for children and sundry dogs and birds—all were here.

Most of the travelers had come in the "regular way" by the early morning train from Santiago. And to think we might have been persuaded to have come with them and have missed that night! They had been before us and grabbed the seats

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on the side of the car best for seeing. Loud dissatisfaction arose from some quarters; from others habitués of the route were giving advice and suggestion. Children wailed. All was babble and excitement. We looked rather sadly on what offered for seats, when again to our desire sprang another of those heaven-sent messengers of Grace and Company—Grace and Company had much to do with the financing and workings of the trans-Andean. This one, McGinnis, was a general manager capable and good to meet here, taking in the humor of the situation. He had not been long over, but he liked his responsible job “away up in the Andean land,” and he granted us certain privileges—at our own risk.

At our own risk we seized them in gratitude. We could stay for the ascent on the car platform, braving dirt and cold and passing danger if we wanted to. Hurrah! We left Martina, aghast at our daring; we took our goggles, camera and aneroid, and we fled to the platform. How Orange-Blossom managed to twist himself and his legs to the rail so that he could stand firm for all that upward journey with camera pointed I never knew. I made myself secure by sitting down on

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the step and holding on with both hands and both feet. So we went up and up for four wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten hours, to the very roof of the world!

Slowly did we go, with occasional stops—once to change our regular engine for the powerful machine that had to take us on the cog-road of that unbelievable grade—at other times to rest engine and engineer, to take off and put on mails and to have inspection of machinery and working gear. It was very necessary.

“Take a drink and a sandwich,” Orange-Blossom would insist at each halt as we got off to stretch our legs and stamp our feet, for it was always growing colder.

“Say,” would come from near by, “but you’re dead sports! Is it worth the risk? It does beat anything, that’s a fact!” Yet even Mr. Summers from Chicago was an insignificant happening in the great happenings of that day.

With benumbed fingers Orange-Blossom would push in another roll of films and then to our platform perch we would jump, regardless of warnings from frightened passengers. In no other way, except from the back of a mule, or on foot,

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could we have taken that wonder-journey so satisfactorily. The aneroid came gloriously into play. We had left Los Andes, twenty-five hundred feet above sea-level, with everything smiling and green, farm and vineyard gleaming in the sunshine, the people gaily waving us good-luck, resting from their labors to watch us; the Aconcagua darting along beside us, a rollicking, jovial river, brown and wide, swiftly going over the rocks and through the meadows.

“Five thousand feet!” called Orange-Blossom as we went; “nearly as high as Mount Washington.” But still there were fields of grass and trees stood out against the rocks. It was the equator land. The drops to below were growing very sheer, precipices, hundreds and hundreds of feet down one side; on the other crags rising cruelly gaunt and unyielding and just the little ledge between, cut for the rails where the train slowly went, the engine puffing and struggling with the effort.

Here was the Salto del Soldato—did a soldier really ever dare that mad leap across that fearful chasm to escape a Spanish captor? We doubted. Here the houses and huts were rarer and the peo-



The line of the rails ahead of us.



Juncal on the Aconcagua 2,000 feet below us.

THE ANDES—WE START ACROSS

ple different from the villagers of the underworld. These were Andean children, like their mountain peaks, seeming to look with resentment on our intrusion. The riders of the pack-mule processions hid their faces in their ponchos. The Aconcagua was now a torrential current. Cold breaths from hidden glaciers struck at us, and up, straight up, we went. Looking above we breathlessly questioned, "We can't be going there"; looking below we gasped, "But we came from there." Dizzying, terrifying was that ascent on the little ledge cut sheer in the rock. Often I had to close my eyes, and I was thankful for the many tunnels on the way; they gave me a chance to recover and get steady.

Past Juncal we went, where, until a short time ago, passengers started to go over the Cumbre on mules—Juncal, the little collection of houses and the hotel lying at the base of the last climb, eight thousand feet above the sea. Trees and shrubs had disappeared. We were getting above the timber line. Piercing and vivid was the blue of the heavens. The rocks sprang up, a riot of metallic color glinting on them, and the green of the snow beds darted light and brilliancy. We got down

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to see the translucent Laguna del Inca—pure as a glass ball resting so still in the cup of a glacier. Deep, deep and fascinating was the icy water holding quick death in its cruel touch. Here we took on the guards for the Pass. There were six ready-clad for business in leather gaiters and caps and thick cloaks.

To these custodians were we to trust ourselves and our belongings. To them the governments trusted valuable papers and merchandise and much gold and silver. The passengers gathered about them. A chattering, noisy party of us had left Los Andes. All were strangely different now; men nervously asking for privileges, pale-faced some, and shaking; women showing frightened eyes and twitching mouths. Was there much danger from *siroche*? Were the mules quite steady and the drivers, *Santo Dios*, would they guarantee protection? They had been quelled, these Latin children of the plains, by the silences of the fastnesses and the loneliness of the great hills—and it takes something tremendous to quell them, all emotion and action!

With dignity the guards answered. They were sufficiently reassuring but not loquacious. The

THE ANDES—WE START ACROSS

responsibility of their calling weighed. A last tug, a last puff and the engine stopped. We were at Caracoles. The marvel-climb was over. Breathless, numbed, but strangely silent, the travelers left the train to start over the Pass. We were a little over ten thousand feet above the sea at the base of Cumbre, the top of all things—the crown of our trip!

CHAPTER XIII

THE CUMBRE—THE PEACE—ARGENTINE

IN the Cumbre transit lie new sensations. There were moments when Orange-Blossom, even, went white. Orange-Blossom does not take most things seriously, but he took the Pass in meekness and prayer. Martina, for once in her life, kept quiet luckily, for if she had spoken or made a comment I could not have stood it; I should have screamed or wept.

Very strange, awe-compelling and incomprehensible is the power of the great hills. The memory of our crossing lives with us always, and the picture of our start, Caracoles still and cold, breathless in the altitude of ten thousand feet; the group of pack-mules and wagons; the guards, ready with revolvers in their belts; the riding-mules with their unsmiling attendants standing waiting for hire; the wagonettes side-seated, uncomfortable, to be packed close for the cold going,

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each with its four mountain ponies abreast, each with its swarthy Indian driver; the group of hushed travelers. Yes, Caracoles away up among the riot of crags and peaks in the shattering clouds is a picture that will live!

We hurried into a wagonette. It had been kept *expreso* for us so we could roll up the curtains. What did we care for the cold? The caravan drivers were eager to be off; each wanted to lead in the going. Quickly mules were mounted. Quickly the "coaches," one behind the other, were sent ahead. Into the chaos of cloud and mountain top, around the stupendous boulders that stood shouldering up one against another in the way, up the road, a winding thread in the immensity, the trail that San Martin had taken when he came, raising his cry for independence, calling to the South American states, east and west, north and south, to throw off the yoke of Spain, to be free, as he had come in 1871, so went we, our four staunch ponies hurling themselves up the twisting, twining path, our bandit driver curling the snarling whiplash as he urged them on. A strange procession was that upward march!

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Our escort, the cow-boys, galloped ahead and stopped when the road made a sharp turn on the crumbling edge ready with long lassos to catch a stumbling mule or a balky horse, ready with glinting revolver for an over-audacious driver, ready with long repeating rifles—the wagons carried mail and valuable merchandise and danger lurked in these fastnesses beside danger from a stumbling mule or a frightened pony.

Round the crowded crags, up, up we went, to where Chile meets Argentine, up to the boundary line where stands the Peace, the giant figure cast from the cannon of the late war. “*Cristo, Cristo Redentor!*” said our driver, noticing our existence for the first time, pointing to the statue.

Standing at the meeting of the Republics of the east and west, standing to seal the pact of peace between them, standing in the great silence of the eternal snows, covered by their white mantle throughout all the long winter but always showing his arm raised in blessing, in the pandemonium of crag and cliff, at the apex of all things, rises the statue titanic—the Christ of Peace—nearly fourteen thousand feet above sea level.

And here is Argentine!



Carocoles—where the poncho-clad rider follows the trail up to the pass over the final range. The dark spots on the trail are some of the baggage wagons climbing the pass.



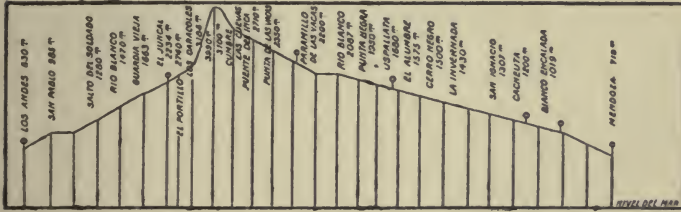
At the top of the world! These peaks range from 18,000 to 20,000 feet above the sea, and the glacier in the middle distance is about five miles long.

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We had stopped a few moments there on the great "Saddle," or pass, which the Spanish tongue calls the Cumbre, and had been looking at the huge bronze statue forty feet in height, and



Map showing the course of the Trans-Andean Railway.



Elevation chart of the route from Los Andes to Mendoza.
Altitudes given in meters.

MAP AND ELEVATION DIAGRAM OF THE ROUTE FROM CHILE TO ARGENTINE OVER THE ANDES.

after scrambling back into the wagonette had turned to go down the road into Argentine, when even our stolid, impassive driver cried out and pointed to the eastward. The great white clouds which hung over the crags at either end of the

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“Saddle” cleared away suddenly and there, far away and far above us, stood the lonely summit of Aconcagua, with the sun shining on its snow fields and glaciers, twenty-six thousand feet high! We ourselves were higher than the highest peak in the European Alps. And yet the great peak—highest of all mountains in the western hemisphere, second only to Mount Everest in all the world—looked down on us from a point thirteen thousand feet higher still!

If we had known fear in the ascent, there was madness in the descent—the wild terrible tear down the mountain to Las Cuevas, where the Argentine rail begins.

“It is the custom; they always race down,” is the reason they give you—no other excuse for that wild scramble. Right at the top the ponies started at full trot, breaking into a gallop. The driver sat stolid, adamant—we realized it and we held on, gasping, trying not to think, not to look, past those sheer falls, around the zig-zag turns, the coach lurching and rocking, the ponies bracing at the corners to get fresh start, flying past peak and height and depth, down, down we went swing-

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ing between the giant precipices and eternity to the Las Cuevas station.

They seemed to take it calmly—the inmates of the other coaches. Once or twice we thought that we heard a shrill, feminine protest, but the wagonettes were tightly curtained with leather. Sound did not penetrate nor did the guards interfere, so all flew on—ponies, wagons, coaches, the whole caravan. If something had broken, a horse slipped, for all—annihilation! But this was South America, and we were at Las Cuevas, safe.

Our compatriot was there before us. The first thing that we were conscious of, when we regained control of our dazed senses, was his sharp staccato, painfully audible in the clear air: “Say, did you ever see anything to beat it? Search me! That’s what I call fine. My, but it was great!” He had come over on the back of a mule and the ascent, the descent, nothing, had upset him in the least until I spoke of the Peace. Orange-Blossom was wrestling with the customs officers, and I had to make conversation about something.

“The Peace? What’s that? Did I miss anything? You don’t say! What was it? What! What?” When it was borne in on him what he

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had really missed, his indignation was long and loud. "Thunder! Just bet they did it on purpose—those blasted dagos! I knew that they were up to something when they wanted me to take the short cut—and I on a mule on purpose to do the whole hog. Gee, but it's a shame! Say, is it worth going all over again to see? I've a great mind to do it and sue 'em for the fare. I don't mind so much about their figure, but what a fool I'll look when I get home, when the boys jolly me about it—that's what stumps me! Say, what do you think?"

I suggested that reading up and avoiding too direct questions might do, but his disgust and depression did not lighten perceptibly. "It was a doggoned shame!" We heard so during most of the rest of the journey.

They did not delay us long at Las Cuevas, mercifully, for we were too keyed up to discuss duties, too dazed. "It's the foony air!" Martina explained, now alive to sensation; "mein friend said it would make me haf an ache in mein head—I haf it," and she flopped over to repose on the car-cushion almost before we had started.

Of course, we all had tight heads, everyone



The top of the pass, more than 13,000 feet, with the statue of Christ, the Pacifactor, on the line between Chile and Argentine.



“The Mendoza, tossing chocolate-colored foam angrily over the rocks as it dashed along.”

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breathed hard, and Orange-Blossom and I listened with understanding to the story of our countryman—always talking—telling us of someone who had gone over a little while before him; “one of the boys” who had played poker and smoked and “hiked it up generally all along the line—high-balls to the limit and the rest.” He was about “all in” at the top, but, luckily, there had been a doctor in the party, prepared. “If there hadn’t and he hadn’t taken some fool stuff—oxygen—to pump into him, it would have been ‘good-bye to Willie.’ ” We believed it.

But even with our heads tight and our bodies racked, we couldn’t stop to think about them—there was so much to see. We began going down in the late afternoon, and, at this end there being no McGinnis to grant us favors, the best that I could do was to sit at the end of the last car on a dress suit case turned up on end, with Orange-Blossom behind me looking over my shoulder through the door. Sunlight was fading on the great mountains when we started, the colors of the hour illumining them, glorifying their snows and metals, making more wonderful their everlasting wonder. The light did not fade entirely

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until we had seen beautiful Los Penitantis—snow-capped with crystalline splendor, tipped by the clouds, and once more Aconcagua, the crowning peak of all! We watched for Aconcagua, praying that it might show again through the clouds, and as we looked through a slit in the valley it flashed, for a breathless moment, great, appallingly beautiful, rising, always rising, to where mist and cloud met its white crest.

Alongside all the way ran the Mendoza River, following our coming down as the Aconcagua River had been by us going up, but this was a different current from the Aconcagua—a frenzied, mad thing, tossing chocolate foam angrily over the rocks as it dashed along, a tormented river, dark, wild, violent in its flow, gathering in mystery as the light deepened into darkness and the amethyst shadows grew longer. By and by there were signs of living things, trees, brush, an Alpaca goat standing firm on the perpendicular mountainside; a hut, a native poncho-wrapped. Then a halt. We were at Puente del Inca.

I had forgotten how spent and weary I was, till clinging to Orange-Blossom I stumbled out of the

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car to see the Natural Bridge, the big slab of stone that goes here from bank to bank over the rushing Mendoza, and the châlet settlement, a group of buildings for the people who come to take the baths. It looked very sweet and wonderful, this "cure" nestling here right under the great hills, and they will tell you, the Argentines, that this is where one is made over again; where gray hair turns back to brown and wrinkles fade away; that the waters of the baths that sparkle like champagne with their abundance of gas hold more iron, more health-giving qualities than any known cure, and that the glittering air, the air of the mountain snows, has no equal. "Oh, let us stay here," I pleaded. "It's so beautiful. Let's stay and be made young again all over and forget about our tiresome, nervous, stupid, crowded life. What's the use of it when there's this in the world?"

And Orange-Blossom, though he answered soothingly—I was so tired—answered firmly, true son of Cape Cod: "Work! There's such a lot of it for us to do, but by and by we'll come back, dear. We'll mark it with a gold star; and then we'll be made over again—together."

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Ah, me! And what shall we find? A big hotel, a band, a casino! It is sure to be discovered and promoted, this rare little Puente del Inca! Now it is just a drop of human life in the immensity of rocks and mountain tops and snow-capped heights, a precious jewel in a gorgeous setting.

We were off again in the darkness that came suddenly, as it does in the mountains. Later there would be a moon, then I could return to my dress suit case on end. In the meantime, nature cried—dinner!

Martina awoke to demand a large, fat beefsteak. She demanded it with decision and it was brought. I bowed to her ability to consume it, and to the powers of the big German opposite who was drinking great tankards of beer one after another, and to the indomitable spirit of Mr. Summers from Chicago, who had found someone to talk to as he discoursed about this "crazy land" with only one long route across its continent, when there might be so many others easier and shorter, "and they don't want another because it might hurt trade for Santiago and Mendoza, or because of some rot about San Martin's trail. Gosh! Wait

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until they get a few good, hustling Yanks down here and you'll see!"

The moon came out silvery, showing the stream running by us a glorious flow, and the last of the great hills fading from our sight in radiance. Now and again we stopped, but my mind had pretty nearly gone blank even to Andean wonders, hill towns and river mysteries, even to the moon pictures, even to Martina's yawns and the German's snores—yes, even to the rasping voice of Mr. Summers, always talking. I was surfeited with sensations.

Mendoza seen at midnight, seen in the rush from train to train, did not assert itself forcibly. We would have loved to linger there and let our minds and bodies rest and recover. We wanted to know gentle, pretty, old Mendoza, one of the most picturesque of all the South American cities, the most picturesque of all Argentine, where the Spanish *conquistadores* had started commerce long ago, harnessing the water to use. But we had to hurry, business called!

Into the Ferrocarril Argentino coaches we tumbled. In spite of the wide-gauge road and the wide, comfortable looking cars, people were grum-

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bling—poor worn-out trans-Andean travelers, for they knew what was before them—to be cooped up, helter-skelter in threes and fours, to stay so for the long dirty ride to Buenos Aires. It was not an alluring prospect. Again our star and some forethought had helped. Two communicating little cabins were allotted us. Gladly we took them; they offered rest. Our day of days was over—the Cumbre made, the Cordillera crossed!

“Blessed thermos that keeps coffee hot! Saint Boston that creates good Educators! See! This is the talk,” and Orange-Blossom held out succulent fare to my hungry gaze. Verily, it was good, for here we were “stuck” in the middle of the Argentine prairie. Here we had been since four A. M., when our engineer casually stopped to try and help a broken-down freight train and, in the effort, had derailed our own engine. It was now nine thirty and we were still waiting for something to happen. Nothing apparently was ever going to happen and, hungry and hot, a sorry-looking lot of passengers were making their feelings heard. Among them, stamping up and down outside, was our friend, Mr. Summers, not the



Las Cuevas, at last, and Argentine!



"Buenos Aires—city of good airs, fine airs!"

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least inconspicuous as to language or expression. "It beats anything I ever did see. All poppy-cock, too, that they can't get a move on. Why, at home, they'd have had it back before you could say Jack Robinson. But of all the doggoned, backwoods tools and talk—it takes the cake!"

Such was the beginning of a long, long day on the pampa crossing Argentine, immense, flat, straight Argentine. In the heat and dirt it was not a day of delight.

In Buenos Aires, afterwards, a little señora had questioned me with giggling excitement, "You travel in your country with men and women sleeping in an open car, all together, in berths one on top of another! No, *no, es posible!* Strangers together these men and women and really nice people! Ah, *Santo Dios!* And they say we are alike, we of Argentine and you of your *Estados Unidos*. But here we would draw a line; for us, nothing like that. It would not seem to us—d-e-e-cent."

I thought of our day coming across the plains and I felt that there might be something to be said for our way, after all. To be sure, men were with men and women with women, but they were

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crowded and cooped in their separate compartments. In their own seats they had to stay, with windows, doors, ventilators shut tight, to keep out the dirt—that terrible dust of the *pampa* that sifts in nevertheless until one eats it, breathes it, is submerged in it—to be kept so, quite “decently,” for those thirty-six weary hours. Well, I suppose they are happier in their own way!

We started again in the late morning and by and by we took on a dining car. The menu and what we had to eat made us realize that we were, indeed, approaching something very modern and splendid—*omelette aux fines herbes* and chicken *en casserôle* and ices. What a forerunner of luxury!

We needed something to look forward to, crossing those vast plains where the track was laid straight, in one place a hundred and forty-seven miles straight with never a curve or a break, and on all sides, ahead and behind, great stretches of maize and cattle—cattle everywhere, always cattle. How can the world consume so much?

Once in a while we stopped at dingy little stations, where there was a water tank, and cowboys hurrying up for the mail, bronzed and big,

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the workers of the Camp always poncho-wrapped. Sometimes we would spy in the distance an *estancia*, where a little grove of shade trees gave relief to the interminable waste of prairie. It was wonderful that they could flourish there, but it was at a cost of infinite trouble and expense. But generally there were only cattle, maize, alfalfa, so on and forever. An event in the long afternoon was a flight of locusts, just what we had read and heard about. First came the advance guard, these, the mighty ones, the leaders as large as swallows almost, flying singly, far apart; then groups smaller and less important and after them the army, a cloud, a myriad clouding the sun, going to the horizon on all sides—as far as the glasses showed, a moving, black mass of devastating insects! The flight lasted for several miles. We caught some of the locusts to see what manner of beast they were and discovered them amazingly like our every-day barnyard grasshoppers, but as such the dread of every Argentine farmer, the menace of this astoundingly fertile land. Every newspaper chronicles their flights so that all may prepare, telling of them from their start somewhere in the recesses of the Andes, how they

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travel, covering acres with their eggs when they light, the grubs working destruction—an army of horror, a pest, a plague of Bible days!

Into Buenos Aires we glided about one o'clock at night. Strange to our unaccustomed ears sounded the noises of the big city, the roll of wheels on the asphalt; strange, also, the sight of straight streets with houses, so many of them. At the station there was no fuss or flurry; porters in trim uniforms met us, a taxi was waiting. Swiftly we rolled along smooth streets, through great squares, even now all wide awake, to the Plaza Hotel, where was a *concierge*, speaking perfect English, perfect in attire and deportment. We were taken to our rooms in a big lift. Maids, trim in black dresses and white accessories, turned on the electric-light switches and illumined the brocade-hung walls, the gilt furniture, the desk with its furnishings—all just out of the *magazins du Louvre*, probably. They turned back the linen-embroidered sheets and spread the satin down comforters. The shades of the long French windows were lowered; the bathroom door opened. What a revelation of white tiles and porcelain equipment! This South America? Why, this was

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Paris at the Ritz, London at the Carlton, New York at the St. Regis—and much more so! A far cry, indeed, to little Los Andes across the prairie and mountains—but we had forgotten, this was Buenos Aires, the last word in civilization, “*el Capitol!*”

CHAPTER XIV

BUENOS AIRES—AMERICANS OF THE SOUTH

CITY of good airs, fine airs—gives itself airs!” What in the world was Orange-Blossom muttering to himself about? I went up behind him to see. He was standing at the long window. “Now doesn’t it? Doesn’t it look terribly ‘smarty,’ away down here at the end of everywhere?” And the city flashed and dazzled back at us and our impertinence. What was all the rest of the South America that we had seen and loved, the west coast towns, the dreamy Pacific ocean life, Santiago in the hills, but just so many stepping-stones to the glory before us? South America! Why, Buenos Aires *is* South America!

Everyone knows all about it, this Paris of the southern continent of over a million people, with its wide boulevards and fine Avenida de Mayo, its plazas and great docks, its Palermo Park, its Jockey Club and Colon Theater, all superlatively new and magnificent; all sprung into being in a

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moment, sparkling now in the triumph of its success, this great, modern, up-to-the-latest-date-of-them-all city—the glory of the republic that gave it birth, the boast of the whole continent, it has been told about and written about, newspaper, magazine, traveler, everywhere herald Buenos Aires, the far-away metropolis, the equal of any in the world.

But we could not help being, just at first, a little homesick, a little regretful for the South America that we had known; that strange, unbelievable land of Andean peaks and unfamiliar parts. We hated to wake from the dream, to come out of wonderland into the “now,” from our yesterdays of mystery and color to this insistent present; and somewhere in the background of our peevishness there may have been another reason, too. Dining at Charpentier’s, where we had partaken of caviar from Russia, soup in a marmite that must have been made in France, *piscadillo de Roy* transported from over the Andes out of Pacific waters, beef from the *pampa*, ham, doubtless, which had once been pig in our own Virginia; biscuit Souchard, coffee of Brazil, wines of every land and cigars from Havana at two dollars

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apiece—dining with a friend from the States; he hinted at it. “Buenos Aires extraordinary? Yes, extraordinary as we are; too much as we are. Great Scott! It’s Chicago incubated in a nursery of nations. No history, no real language, no local color or style, no romance, no repose. Just the same as ourselves and catching up with us, making us step lively to keep pace. Look at what it’s done in ten years!”

And the boast of the Portanos is that it has done everything in ten years that every other city had done in its decades and centuries; that nothing that any city has can not be found here; indeed, that Buenos Aires has the pick of all because it is willing to pay for it. The rest of the world gets what it doesn’t want, and as for being “far away”—far away from what? If anyone is not satisfied with all that Buenos Aires has to offer he is too hard to please. He can go hang!

So our compatriot told us and that, with all his urban pride, the very citizen who thus brags is in nine cases out of ten not a true Argentine. Only half the population are native-born and most of these have foreign parents. But he has the ostentation of “*el Capitol*,” which is at the founda-

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tion of its existence, the most cosmopolitan city of the world!

Also he warned us, as had others at home, that in Buenos Aires one must do as the Buenos Aireans do if one wanted to make any impression, for business or otherwise; so we did our best. As far as we could we tried to be great and splendid. We took small rooms in the hotel, but the furniture, even in the smallest, was all gold and brocade and looking-glasses and ormolu. We hired a little Victoria—for it would never do to walk or go in a tram—all at a price! But to ponder on price in Buenos Aires tends to frenzy. I was wonderfully shampooed, waved and manicured and wore my finest raiment, and Orange-Blossom was a beautiful sight to see with his silk hat, morning coat and dressy waistcoat, a gardenia in his button-hole and a stick in his hand. And, at last, Martina was satisfied.

As soon as we could, we went to all the sights. One has to be very “up” and intelligent about them to win favor, and we went as a lady and gentleman should, in our victoria, and still our wonder grew. Amazing was the array of docks, with their interesting way of letting the big water-

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craft go in and out; those miles of docks, so clean and orderly, where ships of all nations lie, and where every known language is heard. There are none others so fine anywhere, nor anywhere so fine a market, with its cattle from the *pampa*, acres of cattle, and the fruit of a thousand square miles, nor anything as fine as the Prensa Building, with all its equipment and hospitable welcome for strangers and ways of giving help to rich and poor. We admired all—the Chamber of Commerce, the cathedral, the opera house where every known artist sings some time—and all done in ten years. We admired Florida, as we walked up and down there at the hours when it was good form to walk—no vehicle is allowed in the narrow little street during the busy, crowded shopping time—and we ventured into the shops, which are treasure-houses of amazing things—diamonds the largest and purest in the world, pearls the rarest, jewels in beautiful settings—Tiffany and Cartier could not show more—and we looked into shop-windows with just the same jumble of wares, just the same riff-raff as the Galérie Lafayette and Trois Quartiers—all in this Calle Florida, where the amount spent every day puts to shame the

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outlay on Fifth Avenue and Bond Street, and the prices are much higher and always going up!

When we were sufficiently intelligent, Orange-Blossom plunged deep into his work, up to his neck in it, for in Argentine it is cold, hard, steely business every moment and no favors given. But I was not lonely—dear me, no! In Buenos Aires one is as sure of meeting people one knows as in London or Paris, and besides one soon meets the residents, too, and though you realize that they are carefully sizing you up, especially as to your taste in dress, they have such a pretty way of doing it. They seem so really glad to meet you, those dark-eyed, gentle-voiced Argentine women, and cordial, enthusiastic men, that you can't help giving them a little of your heart in return.

The cream of the city, they said, was at Mar del Plata, their fashionable summer resort. It was early autumn yet, but there seemed to be plenty of fine people back; in Palermo Park of a thousand acres they went up and down and around one short drive, sitting back in carriages and motors that crawled, so that they could look at each other and each other's clothes, and then down, as the darkness fell, to Florida, now a street jammed

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with fashionable turnouts, to wave good-night before going home.

They were at the restaurants, Charpentier's, the smartest, and The Sportsman where a cinematograph entertainment went on all the time they ate; and they were at the races in great glory on Sunday afternoons, at the magnificent Hipodromo, the finest race-course of the world, where the largest purses are given, where the jockeys and the horses are picked from the nations, where the betting is superlative, where, in fact, everything "makes old Sheepshead and Belmont look like thirty cents"—coming from Mr. Summers of Chicago this tells its own story—and where beautiful ladies shine from Auteuil and Longchamps in most beautiful dresses, and beautiful gentlemen out-sport sport in their attire and betting ways.

And for all our seeing and meeting we had to have clothes. Oh, yes; they are a religion here. We had heard that away up in New York. We knew that this was a city where a señora of the *grand monde* wanted to scratch out the eyes of her best friend if it was proved, after heated argument with tears and rage, that she had a confection of later style than her own. This was a

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city where anybody who was anybody would not think of wearing the same creation more than half a dozen times, no matter what it had cost. So for reasons of business and pride we had sent ahead of us a trunk to be ready, at an expenditure of trouble and money infinite; for each single thing, to a shoe-lace, had to be itemized, weighed and valued and the cost of expressage was enormous. But we had recognized the necessity.

As reward we had expected, confidently, to find awaiting us at the Plaza our big Innovation. We had reckoned without knowledge! It was on a lighter away out in the middle of the La Plata River, there to stay until we were-willing to pay at the rate of about eighty per cent for each and every article in it, full duty whether we were here three weeks, three days or three thousand years. Verily, in more ways than one does Argentine and its manners resemble those of our own, dear, native land!

But if our own and dear native land had not come to our rescue we would have been in a sorry plight. It did, grandly, and we were grateful. For other things we were mighty proud of the representatives that had been sent from Washington

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to Buenos Aires. This was the year when the Argentine government had just granted us the concession of building their two great battleships. They were to be built at Fall River and it was the gossip of all circles. "Those English! They think that they possess us because they hold in their hands so much of our commerce, our securities and our industries, but sometimes 'they get lef', as you say," and the Buenos Airean who was speaking said it with a smack of pleasure—he was not alone. They will tell you that it is for reasons that the English control so much and hold so many mortgages on their Camps, those misers of English whose women are bags of ugliness, who dress their children in "smocks from London." They, the Argentines, want their wives and daughters to go to Paris every year and spend and spend. They know how to show off the earnings of the head of the family, to do him credit; they understand the significance of dress—why, Paris creates for the Argentine, and the others get the leavings. And they want to live, too, to gamble as gentlemen should, to eat and drink. The Englishman he will play "for a shillin' a hundred" and his food and drink—beef and ale! Pff! See

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what they give you on The Royal Mail Boats—but this time you Yankees “have them lef’!”

And though the dwellers within the gates of Hurlingham and Belgrano, where lies England—no outsider wants to linger there long—may not seem to care, may smile about it, they do care. They resent those battleship grants and they are worried. Oh, it has been very much worth while for our people in Buenos Aires to have worked from early morning till late night in this strange climate where the air seems to hold no life, where insidious diseases seize on those unaccustomed to it, seize and cling and weaken; where the cost of living is ruinous and where so much is expected. It is a great feather in our cap, those ships, and it has been worth while for our representatives to have made themselves popular as few representatives of other nations are, for Argentine is learning, Argentine is wide awake, Argentine knows a thing or two!

Some things, however, we could learn of Argentine, said to resemble us so much. One day Orange-Blossom came in chuckling, “Bootblacks and ‘Pagliacci,’ ” and he told me about the elegant blacking-booth with a huge machine which ground

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out music while you were polished—good music—and you heard Caruso in “Aïda” and had your boots done and no one talked or made jokes, all listened respectfully, and when you asked the little lad who gave a final rub if he liked “Rigoletto” because he was whistling an air from it, he politely corrected you, “No, Señor—‘Pagliacci.’” Here babes, they say, are hummed to sleep by Chopin nocturnes and certainly bootblacks distinguish carefully between subtle opera airs.

One day I was taken to the famous Zoo, which is worthy of its fame, where condors live among Andean peaks devised from cement and mortar, deer and antelope sport in classic ruins made to order, and polar bears are content in a miniature Greenland of snows and ice—at a price to keep up in this climate. The Argentine lady who took me paused at a cage where a huge she-ape was nursing and petting her young in a way so horribly human that it gave me little cold shivers. But the sweet mother-woman, looking on dreamily, forgetting to hold up her Paris draperies and letting her long plumes sweep too near the cage, murmured, “Ah, is it not sweet—*simpática?*” Here

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is no danger of race-suicide, the maternal instinct is strong. We can learn in Argentine!

Of our three weeks' stay in the great city of the *pampa* and of its inmates we have many dear recollections to carry away, good to keep and hold forever. One of them is of a happy Sunday afternoon excursion.

We were invited to "make a promenade on the Tigre." Our host was a person of importance, a banker of mixed Belgian and German blood, but all Argentine in spirit and pride. He came for us with his "party," the wife bringing a great bunch of roses as a token of friendliness—such a pretty introduction!

She was like most of these placid, well cared-for Argentine women after a certain age, fat and comfortable, the mother of many children; the husband explained that "we have to populate Argentine." There was a daughter, a slip of a girl as they are before they start to populate Argentine. "Like an exquisite bit of Bisque, Sèvres or Dresden," I whispered to Orange-Blossom, and I said I wanted to take her home with me, "to keep her from becoming fat and comfortable."

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And he sagely whispered back, "I guess about all you could do with her at home would be to put her on the mantel-shelf." But it did seem too bad that she, so daintily fine and fair, should be wasted on the German youth in attendance, commercial to his square boot toes which had never known trees any more than his coat had known brushing. He was in some way valuable, however, or he wouldn't have been taken.

There was also an English spinster. I expect, feel as they may about the English, deep down in their hearts these Buenos Airean bankers have a great admiration of them and their methods, else why always have English governesses and tutors? Why endure such a spinster as we took that afternoon to the Tigre? She was uncertain as to age, with her dyed "fringe," her hideous clothes and her sprightly manner, but she was superior! Oh, she was a great acquisition, introduced to us with pride, the introduction accepted by her with patronage, although her great asset, her connection with the mighty British Isle, seemed somewhat hazy. She had never been out of Argentine, but a Grosvenor Square duchess couldn't have spoken with more feeling of "home," meaning always

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England, the sun of her desires, which she probably would never see. But this manner, with the root to it, made for honor with her entertainers. She was evidently the trump card of their entertaining.

The mother apologized for bringing the *niños*, "but in Argentine we like to have them when we go for pleasure," and she caressed the little heads tenderly. We liked to have them, too, and we won her affection for it.

We left for the big tributary of the great La Plata early in the afternoon. An hour's run brought us to the Tigre with its intersecting, numberless streams, twisting and twining and meeting in and about islands large and small, some with banks glorious in dense foliage where summer residents and club members and hotel proprietors vied with one another in making their belongings lovely, others gay with little restaurants and flying flags and flowery arbors, and others still where only poor huts showed, settlements for the cultivators of the fruit which grew in such abundance. Everywhere peach and nectarine orchards rivaled the sweet oleanders and magnolias, a riot of color and fragrance.

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Human life there was in plenty, too, on the Tigre, although this was not a regular regatta day when every boat-club and dwelling flaunted gay bunting, when the network of water is covered with every kind of water-craft, barge and motor boat, canoe and rowboat—but it was very gay, all the same, with its darting water traffic and the people out on a holiday and the land and water a glory of color and beauty.

We were enthusiastic and our entertainers were happy in our pleasure. “*Ah, Señora, es magnifico!*” Orange-Blossom reiterated at every turn. Señora applauded his amazing fluency in her language, but Señor deprecated it into Argentine politeness, “It’s nodin’, nodin’ at all!” And Miss England, several times removed, would coyly jeer, “Now, fancy, you know you think that it is rippin’ and just too awfully sweet,” and she would call Orange-Blossom to account sharply, “I say, how can you be so awfully foolish, after the Thames about Henley and the Avon and all the others, you know? Mind! I believe you are jollyng us. This—after England!”

Señora, eager to show that she knew what’s what, would break in, “*Ah, oui c’est beau! votre*

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Angleterre, n'est-ce pas, Madame?" Señora spoke French—what Latin does not?—but her geography was a trifle vague. Why bother to distinguish between people from England and from somewhere called the *Estados Unidos*? It was too involved. We were all one in language and all came from a distance, such a distance that it didn't make any difference anyway about boundaries and governments. Why worry? It is the duty of Argentine mothers to populate the country. If we had not been worth while we should not have been given this grand party, and to be worth while we foreigners must have an English string somewhere—so she went on talking about our England and English ways. Señor gave up trying to apologize and explain. Miss British Isle made covert sneers and little Señorita blushed and was more adorable than ever but never ventured a suggestion. In Argentine daughters do not correct Mama no matter what Mama may say or do, and Mama smiled on serenely and patted her hair and hugged her babies with no misgivings, and Orange-Blossom, always splendid on these occasions, declared that nowhere in all England, including the United States, was there anything to compare

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with the Tigre waters or anything lovelier than the *niños* of Buenos Aires and of this particular party.

Barges laden high with golden fruit glided by, sometimes plied by rowers with long oars, who chanted as they broke the chocolate water, sometimes going under queer-shaped sails slowly down stream with the current. Canoes skimmed past, from them flashing a dark, vivid face; generally someone in white flannels was at the paddle. We passed islands made into summer paradises with terraces and gardens. "Ah, where in all the United States, including England, was there anything like this—as *hermoso*, as *perfecto*? *Nada, nada.*" The soft brown eyes beamed on Orange-Blossom—he knew how.

We were in the largest, noisiest, newest motor boat of the Tigre, likewise the most expensive, I have no doubt—all for the pride of Argentine. We were to be shown that they understood and presently they gave another proof. "It is time for tea. Oh, you vill not dink it all so *magnifico* when you get Tigre tea, you see." Our host never failed in the true courtesy of his position.

Why tea, I wondered, when we had left the

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launch for a lovely little arbor with great bunches of purple grapes glinting through the trellis above and about us? Why tea, if it is so poor and there is all this wealth of fruit and all the delicious *refrescos* and other things that such a place had to offer? But Argentine has learned the sacredness of the custom.

“China tea, *surely* China,” ordered Señor, and it was brought with soggy, dreadful toast. Lovely ices were being served to people about us and cakes to make one weep, but I took example from the babies who were uncomplainingly swallowing the mixture served us as they would take medicine, and the German whose gaze I intercepted at a tray one of the waiters was carrying, filled with tall, thin glasses of foaming, icy beer—he was drinking the tea in loud determined gulps.

But dinner later was a feast for the gods and it made up a hundred fold for the tea. Here our host was in his element. We dined on the terrace of a hotel overhanging the water. It had grown quiet on the Tigre. Puffing motor boats and other noisy things had gone to rest. Only the paddle of a canoe, the wail of a guitar, or a burst of rippling laughter broke the stillness. A shadowy

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sail floated by lit by the sunset glow. Dining-time on the Tigre was the best of all. And such a menu! No wonder the small people gave out before it was half served, but they did not fret or worry any one. No, Argentine can teach American babies a thing or two also, and for all her finery the Argentine mother folded them to rest on her silken lap, tenderly and naturally.

Later there was music and dancing in the hotel. We stayed to watch the graceful women of the South glide and turn and bend as they knew how. Señora was afraid that we would be shocked. "On ne fait pas ça en votre Angleterre le dimanche, n'est-ce pas?" We reassured her—nothing could shock us, nothing could mar the happiness of that perfect evening on the Tigre water. We were only sorry that it would ever have to end, but end it did when the lady from England, several times removed, asserted that it was "gettin' rotten damp."

CHAPTER XV

MONTEVIDEO—STONES AND STORES—VILLA DOLOROSA

SUPPOSE New York and Brooklyn with the river between them a night's journey wide—"and it's like Buenos Aires and Montevideo!" So they will tell you. Not a bit of it. Perhaps there is some similarity to our own big cities in Buenos Aires, sophisticated, flamboyant with its "parlor-car soul," but the other! Oh, altogether different is this from anything anywhere in our New World; this happy, drowsy capital of Uruguay, with its little winding streets showing water at the ends, and no great obtruding docks, with its three hundred thousand inhabitants, the most contented of any South American city, more native-born, fewer poor, the healthiest city of the east coast, clean to perfection, with compulsory education for all and for all peace and good government.

And take the case of Orange-Blossom and me, off on a spree by ourselves, for business, yes, but

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cut loose from Martina and conventionality—was it a wonder we hailed Montevideo with rapture? After the night on the river steamer of the great La Plata, which in spite of our “cabin especial” really did seem painfully like the Fall River boats, we awoke to find ourselves back in the South America we had known and loved once more. The old-fashioned, quiet city of little Uruguay in the early morning sunshine was very lovely. Behold a mountain! Montevideo! It was well named. The mountain was there always to be beheld, El Cerro, mellow and soft, and there was a cathedral that looked as if it had been there always, too, set in the quiet Plaza without flaunting or ostentation. We would walk to the hotel. We could here do what we pleased without fear of comment and criticism, and we would wander at our will for part of the morning in the happy peninsula city looking at the lovely hills that surrounded it, growing green and gray as the sun touched them; see the Prado Park, the residences with their *patios* abloom with flaunting flowers; get a view of the bathing-beaches far-famed and fall in love, deep, with it all—this little Monte-

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video, mellow and sun-baked, where contentment and good-will reign.

Our Legation secretary, a most charming man who took luncheon with us, who was only a few years out of Harvard and most enthusiastic over his job, eager to rightly impress the importance of U. S. A. on Uruguay, and Uruguay on U. S. A., told us how the Montevideans reveled in their difference to their neighbors across the big river. They had no desire to compete. "It's a city with its own opinions, its own standards—and they can teach a lesson. Heavens! What a lesson they can teach in pure joy of life and being happy," he emphasized.

One only had to see a little of Montevideo to believe him. I wanted to see more of it, so when Orange-Blossom took himself off to his affairs, I sallied forth for a glad summer's day excursion all my own. I wanted to burrow a bit free from hampering Martina, free from obligatory carriages and motors. The smiling proprietor of the Gran Hotel didn't even hint that I might need one. He pointed out the direction of the shops.

Somewhere I had heard that this was a place where one could find treasures in semi-precious

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stones. In those twisting, turning streets I might discover them. There was no window display, no enticement to a purchaser and yet, "I had a feelin'."

"Your guardian angel must have guided you to Herberto Size," said the pretty wife of the secretary when I told her. "It was great luck. We are always wondering about him. All the people of the legations wonder where he came from, who he is; he is a problem never solved, for it doesn't do down here to try too hard to solve the problems; there are reasons why they come and stay. No one can make me believe that Herberto Size hasn't a reason."

I only noticed at first that a kind-eyed shopkeeper stood behind the counter when I entered the little shop through the low doorway. I began in my poor Spanish, when he stopped me.

"I speak English, madame," and, as I looked surprised, he went on: "I have been in New York and know your country. Ah, you see, I understand that you are not English—there is a look, one who has been there knows."

"And you send over these lovely things?" I

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had seen the wares under the glass cases. Here had I rightly entered.

“Ah, no.” He shrugged his shoulders. “They don’t care much for these, your people, and I don’t sell in Buenos Aires; my stones are not grand enough, you see. Once in a long while someone comes over here who likes them, who understands. But I don’t care. The Montevideans like them; so do I,” and all the time he was taking out little trays and putting them on the counter until it was covered with the lovely, colorful things, all unset and unornamented—agates, subtle and strange with weird glints and gleams; amethysts, big and splendid, of deep, deep purple, others of delicate mauve, exquisite and illusive; topazes, sunshine held captive, glowing, great drops and patches of light, eyes of wild creatures. Here was every variety of dazzling color and light—moonstones, a stream, a torrent of them, and Herberto Size let me take off my gloves and dabble my fingers in the cool drops like liquid moonlight, while he brought more and more; garnets, sharp and precise; labradorites, cold and unfamiliar; cat’s eyes, glinting this way and that suspiciously; star sapphires, a tray full! It was

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a debauch of amazing, reflecting things. I touched them, caressed them and became hysterical. I was in Monte Cristo's cave, I held Aladdin's lamp, I was back in fairy-land, and all the time Herberto Size watched, pleased. "Yes, you understand, a little; I thought you would. If I hadn't you would not have seen the half, the quarter. Most of your sex want only cold, white diamonds, brilliantly cut and manufactured. These, so they come from our mountains, from our river beds, our ocean islands. They are wild, untamed things of nature. I work hard to get them. I go wherever I hear they are to be found. In your land they would tell you that I am 'dotty'; here they understand that a man who has no wife, no children, no country, can love these, his children. You will not find them like this anywhere else; you can not get them anywhere else, no, and not even from me could you get many of these, not for all your good United States gold would I sell them."

By and by I made a modest selection. But he took a keen interest in it, and I had taken all his attention. Customers wandered in and out. They smiled at me and, in the pretty Montevidean manner, said it didn't matter, he was busy, they could

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come any time. I suggested that I might bring my husband; he must see and enjoy, anyway; I warned him that he would not buy. Herberto Size waved this aside. On any pretext he would welcome anyone near to such a sympathetic acquaintance, and be so glad to display his wares. Montevideo was not New York, no; nor Buenos Aires! Here one had time—time. Ah, bring Señor, on any pretext.

And in truth he came. It had been “a corking business day.” Somebody of great magnitude had been approached, won over. Orange-Blossom was sparkling with the achievement. What a chance to trap him! I did, and then, wretched barbarian, crude son of Cape Cod, he almost spoiled everything!

Herberto Size was watching for us and presently from his treasure houses they came forth—the glittering things, in trayfuls, and were spread before us. He unlocked the safes, dived into dens of concealment, took so much trouble—but was not this another kindred spirit come to study, learn, and go into raptures of appreciation! Poor Orange-Blossom, how little he knew! I had told him about the price of things, to draw him, and

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all he said now was, "Jingo, aren't they bully—and so cheap; let's buy a lot."

Oh, dear! Everything was knocked flat. Herberto Size began to push away the trays. The atmosphere was all wrong. And my castle of delight—was it to be shattered so? Not if I could help it. I murmured low but impressively, "Goose! Let me do it! Just keep still!" And he saw I meant it.

Poor Orange-Blossom, at his first rise to buy to be so squelched! But it had to be done. I tried to summon all my resources and after all I had success. I thought so, for behold! There they were, their heads together, Orange-Blossom drawing designs and Herberto Size picking out stones with the same sort of touch that a mother would give to a beloved infant. They were discussing a collar for me. Orange-Blossom had been seized with an inspiration. I should have it to commemorate this day of business success, and it should be a delicate filigree of platinum to encase the dreamy drops of lights from the moon that he found here.

Herberto Size was all interest and they planned

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and figured while I had another plunge of joy in the colors and sparkles all by myself.

And, at the end, there was a dramatic moment. We had taken the neat little boxes. Herberto Size lingered over the parting with them, and we held out our hands to him in good-bye, when he spoke, so quietly, "Madame, it has brought me pleasure, this day, and you, too, perhaps. I like to feel that you will want to recall it—some time. May I offer a souvenir? Will you do me the honor to select a stone—any in all my collection—and take it from me, a gift, to bring a memory?"

What could I do? Indeed, what *could* I, with his tender eyes appealing? Orange-Blossom stood there a great silent, no help at all, and I was in terror of what he might say in his amaze. I tried to falter lamely that I wouldn't need a souvenir, something hopelessly banal, anything to get around the corner he had put me in, and then I gave way, told him to select it for me; I was almost in tears.

On my finger, in a setting that was designed with considerable thought, lives the selection, a drop of blood, and I have been told that the lovely crystal thing has a value that was worth several

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times all that we took from Herberto Size that day, but I don't care; it is a jewel to conjure with; an Emperor could not have given one that I would have valued more.

The only other episode of importance was our visit to the Villa Dolorosa. We hadn't heard about it, but the people of the Legation said we must go, we would never see anything like it again. They were quite right.

If a "crazy couple" had started the enterprise, the widow now carrying it on alone, surely madness never took a kinder form, or one less harmful. In a beautiful park was the residence where the old lady lived. Around were artificial ponds, streams, islands, all the conceits of landscape gardening run riot. Rare trees, shrubs and blooms gave color and fragrance. Winding paths led in all directions, and everywhere in the open and hid in the shrubbery were the buildings, homes for the animals which were the passion of the Villa's owner.

Every building was individual. It was the last word in Zoos, all built and carried on by the lady of the park. No subsidy from city or state was asked for. On two days a week the public might,

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by ticket, enter and enjoy. At other times it was all for her pleasure.

Even with memories of the Bronx and the Zoos seen lately, we were completely dazed by this. "I'll be doggoned!" was the cry of my husband—and in a land where surprises had become very everyday affairs!

But to think of it! Here was a pagoda surrounded with tropical plants, most beautifully tended, all for the benefit of one happy ant-eater, daily kept supplied at vast expense and trouble with his choice fare. Birds of amazing variety, color and size sang in a great thicket of trees. The wires that kept them captive were so concealed that neither they nor we could see them. Snakes and huge serpents crawled blissfully among ferns and bracken and palms, the guarding glass sides and roofs clear to transparency. Small four-months' old lion cubs, with wide leather collars, frolicked unrestrained among the keepers, for all the world like pet puppies, and we actually patted them; no one could help it. There was a llama two days old, living on a manufactured Andean peak, and a chimpanzee who had a keeper all for himself and his own gymnasium for play and ex-

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ercise. He did feats for us without any excitement whatsoever—rather as a condescension.

And even after death do those animals of the Villa Dolorosa have honor. A cemetery was one of the features. It was beautifully situated overlooking the hills and beautifully cared for. Here each of the animals who had expired had his own grave and tombstone. On a granite shaft crawled a huge serpent, proclaimed as having been, in life, amiable, gentle and affectionate—a beloved friend. A lion couchant in stone, with the dates of his birth and death carved, was once a king of majesty and power with no desire to wield it for woe. Twin monkeys in marble were pictures of those who during every hour of their existence had given joy and interest to all about them. To such extremes did fancy run with the owners of the Villa Dolorosa.

The Montevideans take it calmly and are proud of their patron of animals and her caprices. If it is an indulgence a little odd, what matter? There are many worse kinds of oddity. It is a pleasant place in which to while away a hot afternoon—at no expense. As for the opinion of strangers—who cares?

CHAPTER XVI

THE *ASTURIAS*—HOMEWARD BOUND— ENGLAND TO THE FORE

THE first glide forward, the first quiver of the *Asturias*, my heart leaped. We were going home, northward bound. Poor people of the Legation who were there to see us off, left behind! I was sorry for them. Their post might be a most important one, their work most interesting, but to be four weeks away from a letter!

As for our good friends of Argentine it was sad to realize that probably never again would we lay our eyes on their kind faces. For Orange-Blossom and me a trip to South America more than once in a life-time is highly uncertain.

The mother of many had come and was lost in wonder over the steamer. Well she might be. "You can't find anything better on any ship, and I have crossed on most," a high official of our embassy had assured us. Indeed, the English know how to make their people comfortable, to send

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them traveling gladly. Our cabin was only one of a whole deckful like it, but we had our own passage-way for privacy, a bathroom tiled and ventilated, as big as any in a well equipped hotel, two brass beds, cupboards, bureaus, easy chairs, a desk, all the fixings necessary for comfort, and to keep us cool there were two windows with shields arranged to catch every breeze that blew, an electric fan, dainty chintz hangings, and on the floor matting rugs. Our steward stowed away my big Innovation and six other "boxes" without the least trouble, and all this for so little money—for so much less than one has to pay for the ormolu-mounted, brocade-hung, gold-furnished suites in the trans-Atlantic liners. No wonder the amazed Señora kept up a refrain of "Quelle chance—de voyager comme ça! Que vous êtes remarquable—vous Anglais!" But not for one little minute would she have left any or all of the *niños*. Her husband teased her about it and she was a little ashamed.

We waved farewell to them all until the last flutter of a handkerchief showed, till the great docks faded away in the mist, and the river of silver surrounded us. Argentine was left behind

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—a retreating memory, wonderful, puzzling, gaining in respect and attraction as it passed out of sight.

We started exactly on time for that three weeks' voyage, with no fuss or flurry. England was in command and England was everywhere in evidence. Alert stewards hurried to arrange and settle luggage. Trim stewardesses met all exacting demands patiently. Lifts worked ceaselessly between decks; laundry lists showed that here was no need to worry about soiled linen. And the food, alas, at the first taste here was unquestionably England—solid, without flavor or imagination!

England high, England medium, England low, everywhere traveling England asserting itself. When the Briton is tired, nerve-wracked, he knows what to do. He doesn't consult a specialist, if he can help it, at a dollar a minute, and get pumped out or whacked about or torn in two and dosed and doctored with systems and régimes. He realizes that there is a big steamer sailing every day to take him away from worry, family cares, the telephone, the newspapers, and that he will be just as comfortable sailing away as he will be at

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home, and carry his atmosphere with him no matter in what corner of the globe he may find himself, if he sails under a British flag. There were several people carrying their atmosphere with them on the *Asturias*, come away for a Lenten rest, a cruise of six weeks, just a trifling trip! The ship acquired glory because of these. They were people of importance.

There were many Englishmen from the *estancias*, taking gold won by long, hard years of toil to enjoy at home—home meaning always England. Clerks from banking houses and commercial firms were going back for a well-earned vacation and everybody taking his family with him. English-speaking babies swarmed. Yet not the least of the tributes that we paid to the British Isle during those long, hot, sticky three weeks of crossing the line were in regard to these same small Lionels, Violets, Donalds and Hermiones. They were so significant of what wise, understanding rule could do. Always occupied, always thoughtful, with an ever watchful nurse to whisper warnings and an ever ready daddy or mother in reserve, with the pretty “Oh, I’m so sorry” on their lips if by chance there happened a too loud shout,

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a whimper or a jostle. They were delightful babies, happy, too. But who is not under wise and understanding rule?

Our passenger list was not all British, not by any means. Spanish-Americans there were, too, plenty of them; a great dignitary of the Church, clad in purple stole and picturesque robes, with gold crosses and chains hanging about his neck, a cap on his head, sandals on his feet and big ecclesiastical rings on his fingers—he smiled benediction on all of us; dusky traders going up and down the coast; Germans, fat, beer-drinking and boisterous, who added to the general hilarity, and people who might have been of any place, of any race, of any time. One of these was a girl, a bride, they said, with a Marie Bashkirtseff face which held possibilities. Surely those long, narrow eyes, with their finely penciled brows, would not always be content to look at him, whom Orange-Blossom dubbed “a great, stupid stuff” at the first meal—they had a table *à deux* near our own. We heard that he had found her on a ranch, somewhere in the interior. Dear knows what her parentage and up-bringing had been, but they had given her instincts. With a grace she could throw

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a scarf over her sloping shoulders, wind a bit of lace about her dark, small head. The instinct was inborn; would other traits that were inborn, too, develop? The sensitive face suggested unrest for somebody, somewhere. Ah, these ships that pass in the night!

With them all the *Asturias* was crowded to overflowing. Martina had her troubles. "In mein inside cabin mit one old maid; she makes me sick always talking about her lady, and haf you seen this one?" I sternly suppressed Martina's irreverence—with a lurking sympathy. Gladys, the Lady Brandenburg, was a very great personage, the daughter of a hundred earls, so she could look any way she pleased; she looked it on the *Asturias*. Her hair was drawn tight into a hard knob at the back and ornamented by day with a garden sunbonnet. Close to two hundred pounds did My Lady Gladys weigh, and close to seventy years did she count to her credit, but she sported a white shirtwaist, very tight over her bosom, and a duck skirt short in front to show stout tan ties. Gladys, the Lady Brandenburg, could do it. The rest of us couldn't; so My Lady's lady rubbed it in many times a day, and in the end it had its

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effect. How could Martina stand up against her or answer back, the erstwhile cook of a new—well-meaning, no doubt, but, after all—nobody from the States?

The nobodies from the States—there were no others but ourselves on board—were interested, but quiet. Orange-Blossom was in a state of mind and body when a girl with a Marie Bashkirtseff face, or a Gladys, Lady Brandenburg, were all one and the same and all equally of no account in his philosophy. The reaction had come—the let-down from overwork and the trying climate. He wanted pitifully just to rest, and so he wrapped himself in adamantine traveling-reserve and ordered the deck-steward, as one who has authority, to put our chairs away on the tip top deck of all, on the right side away from the rabble, the babies, everything and everybody.

Lo, it happened that this was where “the people of importance” had also told the steward to put them! Probably they had held it sacred ground without question on the trip down, because of divine right. But we were there first. We stayed and there we lived, wrote, read, had our books and charts, and in quiet and aloofness rested tired

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nerves and brain. Was there ever a better way?

We guessed that they must have resented us, the Lady Gladys, the lord with a handle to his name many letters long and a record many years famous, his sweet wife with her hair parted in the middle and her lace caps, his sweeter daughter and the vigorous best-type of young Englishman, bronzed and hard knit, who travels and hunts and avoids London with a D. S. O. written after him—they were all together, “people of importance” apart on the tip top deck, but bearing in their veins the blood of the generations. How it does tell, after all! Never did they show a quiver of resentment toward us. Maybe they would have if we had talked too loud, or too much, or if Orange-Blossom had lolled in his shirt-sleeves or blown tobacco smoke in their faces, but he doesn’t do those unpleasant things, and we only smiled back their morning and evening greetings, until it happened that one fine day the Lady Gladys came and sat down by us for tea in the manner of having always wanted to, asking it as a favor, and in a minute Orange-Blossom—he always knows how—had her off in a maze of hunting talk, and forever after they were fast friends. She had been

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a mighty huntress. Every bone in her body had been broken and it was still her passion—that and her place in Berkshire. And another day it happened that the D. S. O. asked us to take part in a game of bridge, and so it grew and ripened, an acquaintance with them all that is one of the sun-spots of our life. They may now deplore—those kind, courteous people of the top deck of the *Asturias*—that we were the ones that held aloof for so long, but I suspect that they liked us the better for it, and then Orange-Blossom and I know a thing or two about traveling. We know about the intimacies of even a five days' crossing; how they are apt to be shattered on the rock of disillusion. It is the better part to go slow.

Everyone who has traveled on a tropical steamer, on an English steamer, has had it all—the days of sports, the nights of concerts, dances, dinners, and the grand climax of the fancy dress ball. It's always the same, probably always will be the same wherever the flag flies over a people who, once finding a thing good, stand by it forever.

On the *Asturias* it was passing amusing, after one was rested. Was there ever a place as cosmopolitan as that deck, we wondered. "Me, I don't

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got to go in mit 'em; I don't got to put my nose into any 'spurts,' ” grunted a novice, a ponderous buyer or seller of the Fatherland outside our cabin when the first tremor of excitement shook the ship—but he did. There he was the most eager of them all, grabbing up potatoes on a spoon from the deck, tearing madly up and down, and the thermometer at eighty-seven, and his shirt minus collar and much moisture thereon.

Swarthy Spaniards would gather in their forces from all quarters with a call of “Carrera lo whisky con soda,” roaring it through the passages, and Mr. Schwindt, the chairman of ceremonies, would win vigorous applause for every sentence as he “explained eferyding”—“ripping, ripping, old chap”—and gave added zest to his enthusiasm. Indeed, never did English reserve come so near the breaking point as in “slinging the monkey” on that ship, it seemed to us.

And the costume dance! What a transformation! Lanky, loosely put together, long-limbed English women of short, tight skirt attire, stood revealed as lovely Pierrettes, gipsies, peasants—puffs and patches did the rest. Here Spanish-Americans came into their own—splendid cow-

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boys of the ranches, hunters of the desert, dancing Bedouin girls. Had all these fiery creatures been with us all along? Never! And the little German maid who personified Drink, sparkling in her gay skirts, bedecked with wine labels and a head-dress of straw champagne bottle covers, beguiling, daring, twinkling as she lost herself in wild whirlings of the dance—here stood a witch revealed. Truly life on the *Asturias* was not lacking in interests, human and varied.

But the part we loved best was the other—humanity had so little place in it. We were back on our own optimistic Atlantic, though it still wore a strange aspect. The gray, green coast was always near, but we had hills with soft covering, wonderfully picturesque but very different from the great barren heights across the continent. And the air! It became soft, velvety soft, as up we sailed into equator land, caressing, clinging, kissing air, arousing strange dreams, awaking strange desires. We were once more back in a world of sunsets. Once more we could stand at the rail and look and look and look into the glory that came and grew and deepened until it showed all the lights that were in Herberto Size's stones, all

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the lights and colors that God or man could conceive, until the sun jumped below the water and it went dark—never the dark night of the land, just a bridge to the wonder of the ocean night when up above the phosphorescent waves we could feel the warm, silvery silence and look at the shining Milky Way, a glorious road to Heaven, and see the beauty they call the Southern Cross. Days, evenings, nights were these, still and splendid. They were what going north meant to us.

CHAPTER XVII

SANTOS—RIO—BAHIA

ONE dazzling, sun-swept day we awoke to find ourselves in Brazil, "where the nuts come from," the orchids, the butterflies—all the fairy-story things; all come true in Brazil! It's a fairy-story world, and Santos, where we anchored, was a fairy-story town with a green, green mountain behind it, a blue, blue sea in front, and pink, blue, brown and lavender tiled houses pushing up against each other in the knock-kneed little streets—and coffee, coffee, coffee everywhere.

In Santos, for our sins, we were beguiled into joining an excursion party from the *Asturias* for a trip up the São Paulo road to Cerro de Alto, from where the road goes on to São Paulo and from there to Rio. We did so want to go all the way. We wanted to see the city that coffee has made, its fine buildings, grand avenues, parks, opera houses, villas—all out of coffee. But in South America one is always wanting to do some-

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thing one can't; at least we were, and going to São Paulo and by that route to Rio meant taking time—alas! always time—and interfering with the schedule, and leaving the comfortable *Asturias*, and there were Orange-Blossom's nerves! So another opportunity was lost—and the half loaves again.

We joined that ridiculous excursion. Big England may have taken it on the way coming down, they didn't take it this time; medium England was there in spots, but the *estancia* England, the commercial England, the clerks, all went and took their families with them down to the last baby! We were personally conducted through Santos, with a guide to drawl out the sights, and had to wait a hot, wretched hour in the station for the special train which was to take the party to Cerro while train after train that we might have taken if we hadn't belonged to that party came and went. Orange-Blossom was cheated out of a million *milreis*—I wonder if anyone has ever mastered the Brazilian money—by a crafty trolley conductor who promised to come back with the change and, of course, never came, and the loss of that five dollars told on his temper. The car

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up the mountain told on mine—it was so crowded and talkative. But we couldn't, either of us, worry about little things for long; it was too wonderful outside, too amazing.

Here was another of the engineering feats that makes South America seem so ahead, in some ways, of the rest of the universe. And the São Paulo really was the best built road in the world—so they said. Why shouldn't it be with the coffee that all the world drinks rolling down its rails every minute of the day and night to the biggest coffee port of the world, where, taken in gunny-sack on the backs of the blacks, it is always being dumped into vessels, every minute of the day and night, too, to be carried off all over creation. It pays. Oh, indeed, it pays that São Paulo road with the thousands of plantations above sending down—how many million pounds of coffee a month? I hate to quote it; it is so tremendous.

We had flown to the platform of the train, where we hung on in our usual South American way, and an official of the road there became confidential. "It's like this," and he told us the name of the English company who controlled the road; "they are wise. They know when it gives too big divi-

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dends the government here will step in. 'Over ten per cent and we must have a share.' So we see to it that the dividends shan't be too big, pay over ten per cent—but the trouble is to prevent it."

He pointed out the new rails being laid, where the old ones seemed perfectly adequate. "We improve and improve and improve; if this government ever got hold—" and he made an expressive gesture.

So that explained, if it was so, all the extraordinary housekeeping of the São Paulo road—the road-bed like a billiard table, the spick and span little stations, the conduits, actually swept out, and all in a land of almost ceaseless rain there in the hilltops and of devastating moisture.

Up to Cerro de Alto, very *alto* and very straight, climbed the train, making no bother about it and even if I had grown used to a good deal in the trans-Andean transit I had thrills left for the São Paulo road, for those drops to chasms a thousand feet below all purple and silver in the misty light, for those straight-up precipices, for those dizzy curves and turns, for all the mountain tops whither we climbed, for all the lovely, lushy,

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jungley growth, velvet green, until it went into the heavens, velvet-green and flower-trimmed, and orchids—Oh, those orchids!

At Cerro in the clouds little black boys and girls rushed out holding up wire frames filled with them, a dozen growing orchids in their black mouldy earth, “for six shilling! No? What will Señora pay? Anything, anything”—and here am I walking up Fifth avenue every day where shop-windows flaunt their treasures, pale imitations of the real things, showing orchids at a dollar a look—almost!

At the station were offered hot coffee, ham sandwiches and cheese, “at the expense of the *Asurias*, included in the price of the excursion.” What were orchids? What were soft, green peaks all about, cloud blown? What were views to be seen once in a lifetime? Ham sandwiches and cheese! Every one fell over everybody else and himself to get at them. Life is full of contrasts!

When we were back again presently down in little, sun-baked Santos there were contrasts, too. In all the crooked streets with their green and lavender houses, with the almost naked blacks running here, there and everywhere to carry the sacks

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of coffee, with the velvety, jungle-clad hills in the background and the blue water in front were trolley cars, as big, as new, as noisy as any, were poles at each turn with telephone wires and telephones in every house, were electric lights—it brought one up with a thump!

“Rolling down to Rio” went we in the April weather of the line. Rolling down with the sun curing tired nerves and heartening up tired brains and every one in the *Asturias* planning for the one day we would have in the great city, the city of a million palms, the city of light and joy, the barbarous, the beautiful city of Brazil.

We, here in the north, don't know much about Rio de Janeiro. In fact, we don't know much about anything, certainly not in South America, and we care less.

“The most beautiful harbor in the world really? How interesting!” Mr. Scratchgravel lifts his champagne glass, trying to be courteous, patient. You determine you *will* make him understand. You do your best.

“Funny names, aren't they? Corcovado, Sugarloaf—what do they mean? Queer shapes, too?”

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And a really interesting town—but who goes there? Not when there is always Naples.”

And you know that you are a dead failure for he turns, with eagerness, to Mrs. Jenkins-Jones on the other side, who has been waiting to grab him, breathless in her excitement to convey the news that “it has been ordained that we’ve got to be three inches apart in the two-step. Mrs. Laurence Highlife says so, and isn’t it too exciting? Dotty Coughdrops was there, at the Martin Cabaret with Mr. Owglsby Owl—yes, dancing with him when Mrs. Owglsby Owl came in with Victor, and, and—” What’s the use of South America, of Rio, of me—if any of us cared? Why should it care, the jewel city Rio? It is waiting there to be seen, a sight which makes their Naples sing small even with its Capri and Vesuvius, and makes all the others, the Golden Gate, the Sidney wonder in Australia, all sing small. It waits there in the sun and blue blueness of the sea with waving palms and bubbly white buildings, with mountains and rocks of a “never-has-been land” and if you come—very well, if you don’t, it doesn’t matter much. Rio is happy in the pure beauty of its own being.

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Into the harbor we sailed in the early, early dawn of a sun-full day. All the afternoon before we had stood at the rail with binoculars and charts watching the hills on the coast showing faint and far away, strangely shaped hills and rocks unlike any formation ever seen before by us, with a beauty of outline all their own. Closer to them we came and saw islands here, there, everywhere, little and big and all soft and feathery with green and palms. We watched till darkness and then had only a few hours to wait, for we were on deck, on the topmost deck at the bow, long before light the next morning. This was where it was worth while to brave our fellow passengers' disillusion!

Outlines were shadowy when we started to go up the narrow twisting channel, but the hills were close to us now, closing us in and the islands we could almost touch on both sides. When the light came we were in the harbor and the panorama broke into glory. Corcovado—gray jut of a rock straight up from the sea, two thousand feet, head hid in cloud; Pau de Assuga, guarding all, big, blue and feathery; the magic city dancing in its greeting to the morn, its soap-bubbly, fragile



The avenue of a thousand palms.



The Harbor of Rio showing the Sugar Loaf and the Corcovado in the distance.

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villas and buildings catching the light and throwing it back with a thousand colors, its shadowing palms flaunting plumes to the sky, each dome, each spire, each tower showing snow white. No great disfiguring docks anywhere, no ugliness, a city of light, a white city with the sea at its feet and the velvet-green mountains behind. It danced and glittered, bewitching and seducing. "See Rio and die"—we understood it now.

The anchor dropped. Then it wasn't a dream after all! People began to scramble up on deck to plan and arrange. Some would go up to the top of Corcovado on the cog-rail road, others would go to Petropolis, two hours away by boat, to see the people of the Legation who lived in that fashionable suburb. Would we join a party? We politely declined—we had learnt a lesson.

A little tug, gaily panting, took us to the shore. The landing place was lively with music, natives eager to sell their wares and clamoring guides. Motors were everywhere. Rio is very rich and very alive to luxury. We found one "Hernisto," who at some millions of *milreis* a minute would

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show us the place "as never did stranger see it in so short a time," but we must take a motor.

"For the Englis," he knows what to do. He is not wanting everything "sheap, sheap, sheap" like those pigs of *Norte Americanos* who came here the other day in a beeg, beeg boat with so much money, they know not what, but they are pigs, those *Americanos*. They say "too much" to it all and I make an *excuso* to everybody where they try to buy. Ah, I like the Englis, like Señor and Señora, who comes in a fine Englis ship. I do not make myself guide for those pigs—not this one Hernisto. We did not enlighten him. We both felt a little shame-faced about it, and terribly disloyal, but we had seen that "beeg, beeg boat" and we knew the contents. I think we both had a "sneaking feeling," too, that he had sized us up and knew perfectly well what we were, but wanted to flatter us. They think we are flattered, everybody does, to be taken for our English cousins. I wonder why.

Hernisto won his *milreis* that morning. We never saw so much in so short time. We were whisked here and there, to the great new avenue cut ruthlessly through the heart of the town no

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matter who objected, to the famous Rua Ouvidor, narrow, dark, vivacious, where any one who is anybody is met at some time of day or evening and generally at all, to the other dark, crowded streets, with crowded, dark shops, to the glorious boulevard, the beach avenue along the harbor where natives were laughing as they went carrying great baskets of luscious fruit slung over their shoulders on sticks and where women, drawn by donkeys in little carts, waved us good morning on their way from market. Here grand ladies in very grand landaus with magnificent horses were taking the early morning air, and people were hurrying to business in motors, the last word in make and equipment. We were shown the fine houses of the mighty, the parks, the public buildings, the restaurants and the streets where "the people" lived, gay with flowers on the balconies and in the windows, and dark babies rolling in the sun. It all showed off splendidly for us, as it does for every one who comes to be pleased. Buenos Aires may be the "up-to-datest" city of them all, but Rio de Janeiro gives you more in a minute of pleasure than Buenos Aires in a month. Rio is a jewel in a fitting setting.

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Big birds flew overhead, big blue butterflies wafted by and when he saw these Orange-Blossom exclaimed, "That reminds me! Take me to a place, Hernisto, where I can buy a butterfly."

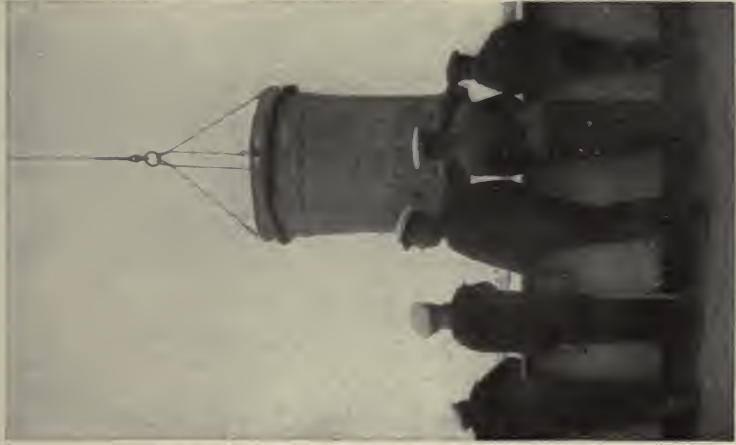
Some one at home had said, in fun, "bring me back yourselves and bring me back a butterfly." But it was not all joke, for butterflies were his hobby and, caring very much for him, we remembered the hobby now.

"I know such a one," Hernisto was alert with inspiration. "He has made a gran', gran' collection—a hundred butterflies such as no one has ever seen in this land or yours. It is for a verri rich gentleman—perhaps he will part with one little one out of the collection. Let us view him." And behold the result!

I wonder if any other two, no three people—for Martina came in for her share of it—ever tried before or since to carry, literally carry, in their hands, so as not to jar, one hundred butterflies, most casually mounted under glass, not at all securely, certainly not intended for traveling five thousand miles on land and water, in jolty trains and over rough seas. And the best part of the story is that we *did* get them to their destination



"Down from the high deck to the little waiting boats in great baskets go the passengers for Pernambuco."



"A load of passengers comes on board."

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without hurting one. Between the lines any one can read the rest, or they can talk it over with Martina; she will do the subject full justice, but what will you have? The intoxication of Rio makes one follow strange fancies, Hernisto's eloquence did the rest.

Just one little day for Rio, and not all of that. But in Rio there was no "business"—at least for us. So it lives, "a bird's-eye view," but another memory that can never die.

On Bahia, where they make big, black cigars, and where live big, black people—there may have been others, but we didn't see them—we chanced on a Good Friday. Portuguese Brazil is very Catholic, and Bahia, lying in soft colors on a hot hillside, showed us how Catholic South America can observe their feasts and fasts. No big docks were here, and we were given only a few hours on shore, while the *Asturias* took on cocoa, tapioca, tobacco—all that makes Bahia an important place. In a tiny boat we were rowed and, at intervals, sailed with the craziest kind of a sail, three miles from our steamer over the blue water to a white, sun-baked beach.

From Bahia downstairs, hot, commercial and in-

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teresting, we mounted in a street "lift" to Bahia upstairs on the hill, green, flower-decked, its fine buildings very white, its multitude of churches all towers and domes and turrets glowing in the intense light, and its little cobbled streets, going up and down and every which way on the hill, so narrow that the balconies and the windows of the tiled houses almost met overhead.

All Bahia was out-of-doors—bedecked and be-dizened. Processions of priests carrying huge candles, images, symbols were marching slowly, sometimes two and three abreast, from church to church for some sort of peripatetic rite. The multitude followed. Those who couldn't hung over the balconies, all jabbering and clamoring about it, all intensely, vividly black—no shades of color here, no olives and browns, just dead nigger-black, and all the more gorgeous for that. What a picture! The balconies with trappings of banners, flags and draperies, the priests with robes of brocade and satin, gold and silver embroidered, the dresses of the women—it is a city of women, here they rule, the "black beauties of Bahia," and here they know how to deck themselves to make ruling their right. They were daz-

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zling on this *fiesta* day in their full skirts of lustrous textures, lace falling from their black shoulders, their turbans embellished with jewels and their bare necks and arms laden with massive gold chains, bracelets and beautifully wrought gold and silver ornaments, with sandals on their feet and jeweled anklets, but never a stocking. Not to every one is it granted to see them at their best, but whoever has will never forget the Bahia ladies.

“Immense! What a sight!” Orange-Blossom kept up the refrain. We tried to get our insignificant white selves as much as possible out of the way and we tried to take some photographs, but “What’s the use?” None could show it—the dressed-up churches all wide open with music sounding from within, the procession of priests chanting as they wound in and out the streets from one place to another, the swarms and swarms of splendid black people. It was silly to try.

A day or two more on the *Asturias* and then Pernambuco, our last stop! People came and went from the steamer to the shore, the travelers let down from the high deck into the waiting boat

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below in great baskets. We didn't. The heat was overpowering, and the humidity worse, and the sea was all wobbly. We were on the Equator. Best take no risk!

Pernambuco—and then good-by, South America, land of color, of mystery, of strange enchantment! We waved farewell to the great heat, to the blueness folding over you as you went from us into dreams. Will you ever come true to us again? For what you have given us, for our radiant days, our magical nights, for the thoughts you have waked, the thrills you have brought—for it all, to you, great, wonderful continent, "*Hasta luego*" from our hearts!

CHAPTER XVIII

MADEIRA—CINTRA—THE END

THE rest is just after-climax, very near to home, very familiar. We shot across the water, a week and more crossing to Portugal and this was the time when life on the *Asturias* became strenuous and its decks bounded the universe. Then came Madeira on the way for one flowery, bowery day of delight. "I think this is the most bests of all" was Martina's verdict.

Madeira greeted us with music and flowers, even from the little boats swarming alongside. Music and flowers and outstretched arms, all very sweet and very different from what we had known. Welcome spoke everywhere from the debonair little island, and we went ashore and did everything that we should do. We climbed the cog-railroad to the top of the mountain to have breakfast in the beguiling hotel there out among the flowers and music and joy; we flew down the mountain in a toboggan with chil-

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dren running alongside to throw roses in our laps; we were driven by oxen in wicker sleighs about the town and bought drawn-work and filigree and wicker chairs, all of which we hadn't the slightest use in the world for, just for the pure delight of it all; just as everybody else does who goes there, as everybody will do who goes there to the end of time, it is to be hoped. How sad it would be to feel that anything could change in the little paradise island that is Madeira!

And Cintra—this is the last word and I hadn't meant to write of anything after South America, for it is an after-climax, but Cintra should have a place in the trip, for a wise traveler to the other half of our continent will do as we did. With the memory of the barren west coast, of the Andean peaks, of the barbaric Rio wrought into his innermost being, he will go on the way home to Cintra to give him an aftermath, the gentlest letting-down, for one more memory, for one more soft impression, for one more deep, real delight. We went because the people on the ship told us about it, and it was on the way up to work and the things we knew. We didn't know about Cintra, Byron's "Glorious Eden," Southey's

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“most blessed spot on earth,” where the proverb runs,

“To see the world and leave Cintra out
Is, verily, to go blindfold about.”

And I want to tell people so that they will know, and then do as we did after landing in Lisbon, and paying exorbitantly for the privilege of landing.

Get a motor and go swinging along the Bay of Biscay as quick as you can; go through the olive groves and by the vineyards, as we did on a spring morning with early summer flaunting its yellows and reds and greens and pinks, all its best of spring and summer in your faces, go until Cintra bursts upon you and then stop. Stop and eat in the good Lawrence hotel where, if you are insistent, they will give you the very room that Byron wrote “Childe Harold” in, and there while you eat the delicate food of the spring in Portugal you will look out of the window where he sat and wrote and see the little town all before you nestling under the shadow of the famous castle Pena and the other “the summer residence” of the days when Portugal had a “queen mother.”

That’s all. The rest belongs to the main-beaten

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roads, well-tracked and good for daily fare as is home good, too. But sometimes, when the daily fare gets insipid, when Mr. Scratchgravel's conversation fails to thrill, when the one-step doesn't excite nor yet the latest cabaret gossip, South America calls—Ah, how it calls!

(2)

THE END

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